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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXII. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXVII. }

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A SONG OF SPRING.

God's love has broken winter's chain,
The earth is Paradise again.
A smile of sun, a kiss of showers
Stars nature's firmament with flowers:
After this waiting, what relief
To scent the spring! the robin thief
Chirps champion on the holly bough,
Let's sing! the winter's over now,
And lovers lead beloved ones home.

The snowdrop's come!

Have you forgotten? Love, last year
Our springtime smiled without a tear!
That night when we went out and kist
The roses folded up in mist!
That day you pulled the branches down
And made for me a leafy crown!
To you, sweet heart, when sun had set
I gave closed daisies, Margaret!
'Tis spring again! Love's hour has come.
The snowdrop's home!

Have you not felt as yet? You will,
That wild reaction, and the thrill
Of nature's resurrection-day,
That comes as prelude to our May!
The May we've sworn to love, whose birth
Sends carols round the weary earth.
I have forgiven all; can you,
Who sent me winter thyme and rue,
Forget love's birthday? Spring is home.
The snowdrop's come!

Let's turn the year's sad leaf: forget
Its tear-stained pages, Margaret.
The chequered chronicle of time
That died in sorrow, born in rhyme.
Love's epitaph! 'twas I alone
Carved on a monument of stone;
"Look round! Eternity means love,
There's no decay! In eaves above
The swallows gather winging home.

The snowdrop's come!"

CLEMENT SCOTT.

English Illustrated Magazine.

MAY AT ST. MORITZ.

WHERE marble forms of ice and snow
Lay chiselled, now the waters flow,
And breath and life so warm and sweet
Are round the ancient mountains' feet.
The crocus o'er the fields will roam,
Until the golden age has come
Of glist'ning kingcups shining far
From the green earth, as many a star
From blue-black sky shall shine to-night
And quench the flowers' softer light.
Far up the hills the browsing goats
Ring tiny bells with treble notes,
And climb and play, from rocks they leap
And climb again where narrow, steep,

And rough the path leads on. What joy
To follow now the gay herd boy!
The long dark winter nights are o'er,
And cattle in their stalls no more
Need linger, in the flower-strewn grass
They ring their bells and lowing pass,
With dark moist nostrils snuffing air
That fresh and cool from pastures fair
Brings tidings sweet. The foaming streams
Rush down anew, and murmur dreams
That haunt them from their winter's rest
While hushed they lay with sleep oppressed.
Ah, would that we might sometimes taste
This joy of wakening life! We haste,
As goaded on by hope and fear,
Through every season of the year,
Nor pause enough to gather strength;
"Our life is all too scant a length,"
We cry; "no time to us is given
For peaceful thoughts, but onward driven
We toil for pleasure or for gain;
Nor pause, lest others should attain
The prize we seek, and thus till death
We strive. Can we take breath
And look around with calmer thought?"
Ah, fools! in winter's rest is wrought
A needful work. No life may cease,
But rather grow in that still peace,
And hidden germs enclose the power
That later opens out in flower.

Academy.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

VILLANELLE.

How to compose a *villanelle*, which is said to require
"an elaborate amount of care in production, which
those who read only, would hardly suspect existed."

It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it,
A easy as reciting A B C;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

If you've a grain of wit, and want to show it,
Writing a *villanelle*—take this from me—
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

You start a pair of rimes, and then you "go
it"
With rapid-running pen and fancy free;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Take any thought, write round it or below it,
Above or near it, as it liketh thee;
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

Pursue your task, till, like a shrub, you grow
it,
Up to the standard size it ought to be;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Clear it of weeds, and water it, and hoe it,
Then watch it blossom with triumphant glee.
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Academy.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE DISLOCATIONS OF INDUSTRY.

MR. GIFFEN, in one of his admirable contributions to the science of statistics, has calculated that wealth in Great Britain increases at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, while population increases only by 1·3 per cent. We should naturally draw the conclusion that, under such circumstances, the country will soon forget what poverty was. When we test this conclusion, however, by every-day experience, we find, as a matter requiring little statistical proof, that we have, every now and then, what are called depressions of trade; that the masses are as far as ever from being assured of steady work and wages; and that at the present time there are more unemployed on the streets of our great cities than ever.

It is now over forty years since Carlyle wrote his "Past and Present." The work of genius, indeed, is not of an age, but for all time; but surely it is not because of the genius of Carlyle, but because of some strange mismanagement on our part, that the condition of England described in his first chapter is substantially the condition of England to-day. "We have more riches than any nation ever had before. In the midst of plethoric plenty the people perish."

There is no need to exaggerate the hardships of the working classes. Without being suspected of the heresy that the former days were better than now, we may be allowed to think that the present days should be immeasurably better than they are. It is no doubt true that the working man's kitchen to-day is more luxurious than the banquet hall of the Middle Ages. But if we compared the noble of those ages with the noble of our own, and the peasant of those ages with the laborer of the present, we should see that, while the one class has risen to a level of luxury undreamt of in the older world, the other is not yet assured of the necessities of life.

We are so familiar, however, with the phenomena of depression of trade and irregular employment, that we do not sufficiently realize how strange it is that such things should be. We need not wonder

that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, famine—actual want of food—swept away the population that tended to outrun its means of life. We know that, in those times, though the population was scanty, the return of land to labor was scanty also. England was in great part a land of tangled wood, and marsh, and moor; with few roads, and bad; with an agriculture little more advanced than that of the Indian ryot of to-day. But in our England, full to repletion with wealth of every sort, with ships bringing grain from every land till it is carried as ballast for very abundance, that there should be want, actual starvation, in poor men's homes, and that no man can very well say why,—this is a strange thing.

According to Mr. Atkinson's calculations,* ten men on a bonanza farm in the Far West can produce enough by their labor to serve bread to one thousand persons in New York. If that calculation is correct, then in every community of a thousand people within reach of American grain nine hundred and ninety are released from the necessity of raising food, and are free to produce other useful things. Mr. Atkinson further calculates that one operative in a cotton factory makes sufficient cloth for two hundred and fifty people; in a woollen factory enough for three hundred; while the modern cobbler, working in a boot and shoe factory, furnishes one thousand men, or more than one thousand women, with all the boots and shoes they require in a year. In face of this enormous outpour of wealth, where a few men can turn out enough of the necessities of life for hundreds, how is it that there are people in England starving for want of food? It certainly is no niggardliness of nature. It is no fault of our instruments of production. It must be something terribly far wrong in the way we organize and employ these great resources.

The general phenomenon we wish to investigate, then, is the unsatisfactory state of the working classes in view of this immense production of wealth. The unsatisfactoriness consists mainly in two things—that wages are at all times low

* The Distribution of Products, p. 76.

in comparison with what we might expect, and that employment is irregular.

There are two explanations very commonly given. They are not pressed as logical theories; they are not exactly answers to the same question. They are rather of that dangerous class that describe a phenomenon, and are taken to account for it. The first puts the question, Why are wages low? and answers, On account of bad distribution of wealth. The second puts the question, Why is employment irregular? and answers, Because of over-production.

I. Bad distribution. It is said that the present system of industry tends to concentrate wealth in the hands of the few, and keep the masses at a low level. Admitting Mr. Giffen's figures, it is said that all the increase of wealth over population only goes to make the rich richer. Mr. George will have it that, in an old country, and even in a new, wealth can only find one resting-place—the pockets of the landowners. If his theory do not square with the facts of reduced rents and diminishing cultivation, he takes the easy way of ignoring the facts. Mr. Hyndman, on the other hand, points to the long lines of suburban villas, and the new men everywhere planted on the old acres, and gives a very definite answer as to where, in his opinion, the added wealth is going to. More moderate men are content to take Mr. Giffen's figures of the great increase in incomes between £200 and £400, and accept his conclusion that middlemen and retailers are getting the lion's share.

But does the phrase "bad distribution" explain anything? At first sight it seems true to say that, if the middle and upper classes are absorbing the increasing wealth, it sufficiently accounts for the comparative poverty of the working classes. But there is an assumption here that requires to be dragged to the light of day—viz., that great wealth at one end of the scale involves great want of it at the other. If wealth comes into the world, and you get it, I can't have it. This is charmingly simple, but it assumes that, in industry, what one gains another loses. The assumption is so common, and so serious, that it deserves a detailed refutation.

What do we mean when we say that a man is becoming richer? Do we mean that he actually consumes more upon himself in the way of selfish expenditure? Well, apart from the fact that a man's "self" generally includes his family and his friends, and that expenditure may be "selfish," and yet not condemnable, it is a more difficult matter to be entirely selfish in consumption than we quite realize. A man can only wear one suit of clothes or drive one pair of horses at a time, and, if he go beyond the statutory four meals a day, he only increases the possibilities of indigestion. There are physical limits to such consumption. But even in this he cannot be wholly selfish; cannot greatly increase his consumption without calling in other men to share his abundance. The making of his clothes helps to clothe the tailor. His horses are a source of income to grooms, and stable-men, and horse-dealers. If he rise from beer to champagne he supports the highly skilled labor of the vine-grower instead of the unskilled toil of the hop-picker. No man liveth to himself, and we cannot even die by ourselves; the cost of a sumptuous funeral makes the heart of the undertaker glad, and even the earth grows greener for our dust. So that, if we assume our rich man to spend his wealth merely in selfish consumption, it does not necessarily follow that any one is the poorer for him.

In our social system, however, increase of wealth does not mean, to any material extent, increase of this kind of consumption. Nor does it mean the accumulation of hoards and stores. It means, for the most part, increasing power over the services of other men. The power of sixpence in my pocket depends on the want of sixpence in yours. I may not have a rood of ground or a spare umbrella in my possession, but I have only to flourish a hundred-pound note to have the services of the civilized world at my disposal to the extent of £100. Is any one the poorer then that the rich man hires his services, and pays wages? It is rather curious that, in this matter of making work, common sense has been wiser than the political economy of the old school. Political economy would have sent the squire to

London to the Army and Navy Stores to buy his goods in the cheapest market. Common sense has always condemned that as partaking of the vice of absentee landlordism. It has glorified Sir Roger de Coverley as the typical squire and the special providence of the district; buying from the village shops; getting the servants from those bred about the hall gates; organizing and finding and making work for his tenants and dependents.

In feudal and semi-feudal times there was little difference between the life of the master and that of the man. Wealth did not mean selfish expenditure. It showed itself in a more liberal table, in wider hospitality, in a greater personal retinue; and these retainers were assuredly not the poorer that the added wealth came first into the hand of one person, presumably the wisest, and was distributed out by him, not as wages, but as provision. But to-day the tie of the cash payment is the strong one. The modern relation of the employer to his hands, with whom he has no personal dealings, has been extended to landlord and tenant, squire and villager. The division of labor and the organization of industry on a large scale have divided classes so sharply and entirely that it is not now so clear that one man's wealth is not another man's poverty. But though disguised, it is, to a great extent, as true as before.

However unconscious of personal relations, the rich man and his tradesmen are dependent on each other. The hall is even more dependent on the cottage than the cottage on the hall; for the cottager, thrown on his own resources, could use his hands, where his master, in the same circumstances, would be helpless enough. The rich man cannot increase his pleasures without paying the poor man wages, and so giving over part of his wealth to be spent by others. In fact, almost all expenditure involves a partnership. The one partner may have the honor of directing how the money shall be spent; the spending of it all is a thing that goes beyond him.

The hazy idea that one man's wealth involves another man's poverty still induces a good deal of preaching against

culpable luxury, without any clear idea of what the culpableness consists in. This unguarded condemnation of luxurious expenditure is a heritage of simpler times and of simpler morals. When the world was poor, wealth had the form of a store of goods. From this store a man was always subtracting something for his subsistence; to it he was bound to add, on the whole, more than he withdrew. There was little command over nature; man had to do the hard work, with only his strong arms for tools; and, as no one could add much, no one had a right to waste much. Luxury was culpable. But our wealth, and our manner of getting wealth, are entirely changed. The hand of man is now known to be a very weak tool, although a very cunning one; so we hand over the artistic work of the world to be done by it, but the hard work we get done for us by the forces of nature we have pressed into our service.

The joint factors in wealth production are still, as always, human labor and natural powers. But, as time goes on, man does more of the directing, nature more of the working. We cannot toughen our muscles beyond those of the Greek athlete, but we can get the Nasmyth hammer to do the work of a hundred athletes. Parallel to this is a change in the position of various kinds of producing. We do not multiply our necessities; we direct our industry to the supply of the various comforts and luxuries that are the conditions of refined life. Food-growing, which in earlier times was the most important and most honorable of callings, has passed into the background, just because it is not the material wants of man that are infinite, but the æsthetic. As we get richer we do not ask for more loaves, but more beauty. It is by gradual development, then, that we have risen to the high level of comfort. The increase of industry has been, and must be, in the direction of luxury. The entire fabric of our industrial organization is based on the demands of luxury from increasing numbers.

But all this time our morals — so far as we consult our morals in our expenditure — are the morals of a simpler world, and we do not seem to be able to quit our-

selves of the haunting idea that luxury is culpable. As before, we are ready—in theory—to respond to the call, “Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor.” All through Mill, for instance, there is an undercurrent of disapproval of the man who buys velvet, and of approval of the man who makes it; commendation of the setting up of factories and of cultivating land, condemnation of the building of mansion houses and of the laying out of parks. Yet a slight consideration would show that there is some confusion of thought here. It was the demand of a world growing rich that called forth the production of luxuries. To cease consuming these luxuries, or suddenly to turn supply into different channels, would be a perilous remedy. If the rich were to clothe themselves in simple woollens, and live on brown bread and barley beer, the whole industrial fabric would come tumbling about their heads. Or if some millionaire, fired with economical enthusiasm, were to put a few millions more into the manufacture of simple cotton cloth, for the apparently sufficient reason that there were a good many bare backs still in England, would he do more than complicate our problem? He might produce cloth for a farthing a yard cheaper, but it would probably be at the immediate cost of depriving a good many persons of the means of buying cloth, or buying anything else. As we shall see later, the interests of the consumer are inseparably bound up with those of the producer, and to consider either as paramount is one of the *sophismes économiques* which Bastiat did not escape from.

Considerations such as these serve to show that there is an unwritten chapter in political economy; namely, almost the entire department of consumption and expenditure. But, perhaps, too, they make sufficiently clear the present contention, that the selfish expenditure of the comfortable classes will not explain the poverty of the masses.* When, however, we go beyond this selfish expenditure, it becomes more evident that bad distribution is no explanation. Mr. Giffen has calculated £200,000,000 as the annual saving of the British nation; by which he means, I believe, that of the £1,200,000,000 of income we are supposed to have, a sixth

part is set aside for the permanent endowment of the whole community. This wealth is partly statical, partly dynamic. In the shape of hospitals, galleries, public parks, churches, colleges, and so on, the rich individuals of the nation communize their wealth; that is, instead of handing it down for the individual benefit of their heirs, they turn it into common means of benefit, either for particular classes, or for the whole community. Under the form of investments, again, they build railways, or ships, or factories, or organize bodies of men to turn out an annual supply of wealth for the community that grows in numbers and in wants.

So far, then, as new wealth takes either of these shapes, no one is the poorer. The rich men who invest their money are, of course, consciously doing well by themselves for themselves; but they could not do so to any great extent unless they were serving the convenience and supplying the wants of the whole community. It is all the same whether it is poor men or rich who invest; their investments are so far common property.

In the cases, then, both of selfish consumption and of investment, the bad distribution of wealth does not account for the phenomena we started with—the low level of wages and working-class comfort. The whole theory is a misconception of what rich people do with wealth; a vague notion that they eat or drink it, or dissolve it, as Cleopatra did the pearl in Antony's draught. The power of a man over great wealth is little more than the power of directing how other people may consume it.

There is, then, no necessary connection between bad distribution and the phenomena we are investigating. If all our factories were running full time, and not a man were unemployed in the country, there would still be the same bad distribution of wealth. Some men would have their £50 a year, some their £5,000.

II. Over-production. It is said that irregularity of employment, which is the worst hardship of the working classes, is due to over-production. We have then to investigate the place and meaning of over-production in our industrial system. It is an explanation that has met with little justice from economists, but is a favorite one with men who delight to call themselves “practical.” At the outset we are met with a paradox which is sufficiently striking.

1. Logically speaking, to account for the poor condition of the working classes

* This is, of course, very far from saying that such expenditure has nothing to do with poverty. It is undoubtedly in the power of the rich to direct their expenditure consciously to ameliorate the conditions of the poor, while a great deal of luxury is actually destructive dissipation of wealth.

by over-production is absurd enough. The phenomena of this condition are low wages and periodical want of employment, and to account for this by multiplication of commodities is like accounting for starvation by satiety.

2. We cannot deny that almost every particular trade we know has over-produced. But if a general over-production is the sum of particular over-productions, we seem really to have what we have just called a logical absurdity.

We are compelled to re-examine each member of the paradox. As regards the first: a general over-production would mean that every consumer within reach of British goods has been before now filled up with all the necessities and comforts peculiar to his ambition. I say ambition; assuming, for the moment, that each class has a customary level of comfort to which each member of it strives to attain. But in answer it must be said that few of us have too much of any one good thing beyond the ordinary necessities of life; certainly each of us wishes a little more; while the working classes, who form three-fourths of the nation, must be credited with a very poor ambition indeed if they are content with their present level of comfort. It certainly is not because the women of Lancashire are all well clad that the looms are standing idle, nor because we are all well fed that farms are going out of cultivation. But customary levels of comfort not yet attained give a very inadequate idea of the possibilities of production. All levels of comfort must rise. Wants come with having; no sooner are the material needs supplied than all the endless wants of education and culture emerge; and, to supply these, endless production is required. We must repeat, then, that general over-production of wealth is a logical absurdity.

As regards the second, particular over-production; we have to ask what are the proofs of this over-production? Are there, everywhere, accumulated stocks of goods which the public will not take off the makers' hands? Probably there are such stocks, but the common answer will be: it is not that stocks are accumulating, but that they are, from time to time, moved off at a loss. And here we begin to suspect that the paradox is the fallacy known to logicians as equivocation. In short, the word over-production has been used in different senses in the two members of the paradox. In the first case, over-production would mean that goods are produced which the world does not want, and

will not have. In the second, it means that goods are produced which the world does want, but cannot afford to buy. There is at all times a level in prices determined by cost of production, below which goods cannot permanently be sold. The higgling of the market — the cutting of one commodity against another, and of the same commodity at different times and places — may hide this level for long periods; but over the mass of commodities the truth remains, that you cannot sell for 19s. what it cost you 20s. to produce. What our merchants, then, mean by over-production is that more goods are made than the consumer will take at a price to pay cost of production. Unlimited production would be over-production even if the world were in rags. In calculating the amount of production that will be taken off his hands, the maker has to take account of two things: the strength of the consumer's desire for the goods, relative to the strength of his desire for other goods, and his ability to pay the cost of production. Over-production takes place whenever there is any miscalculation here.

We arrive, then, at this conclusion: that the over-production which every trade knows of is the result of a hitch between buyer and seller; a miscalculating of the proper equation between supply and purchasing power. It appears to me that this last sentence points to the weak point in our industrial system, and that if we follow out its suggestion we shall arrive at an adequate explanation of irregularity of employment, periodical depression, and a low working-class level of comfort.

Let us look fairly at the problem. First of all: we have an immense accumulation of wealth, both static and dynamical; an income of £1,200,000,000; natural resources of all sorts; hereditary skill acquired during two generations; and a highly organized system of division and co-operation of labor.

This is the background. In front we have these phenomena: an infinite series of human wants still unsatisfied; profits fallen away to nothing and wages reduced to the point of necessity; stocks of goods lying dead in the warehouses of all countries; thousands of men in the streets unable to find work at any wage.

Carlyle put the problem in its most direct form. "Here," he said, "are the millions of bare backs, and there are the millions of spun shirts. How are they to be brought together?" It seems to many an impossible thing, but that they can be brought together may be proved by a very

simple illustration. Suppose you have in the circle of your pensioners a baker, a tailor, and a joiner. Separately they are walking the streets looking for employment. Not only are they adding nothing to the world, but they are subtracting something: viz., the subsistence they get from your charity. Unless you have been keeping your money in a stocking at home, this charity is a diminution from somebody's living. But, as paupers have to be fed somehow, either by the State or by individuals in it, you are only doing what the world at large must do somehow.

Well, tired of a charity which generally ends in making a spiritless dependent out of an independent workman, you contribute a little thought to the subject; and, as a result, you buy some flour for the baker, some cloth for the tailor, and a few planks for the joiner, and you set them to work in a spare room of your house. You find, probably to your surprise, that the baker bakes enough for himself and the other two, and, besides, supplies your household with bread; that the tailor clothes himself and his fellows, and does the mending for the family; that the joiner, after he has knocked together a shed for the work which now shows itself as co-operative, is doing odd jobs about the house. In this way, not only do you get back all the capital you advanced, but you find that you are making a little income out of your charity.

From this experience, if you are a wise man, you will learn several lessons. For instance, you will probably get rid forever of the idea that "making work" is uneconomical — unless, indeed, it be of the nature of those institutions, the treadmill and stone-breaking. You will get shaken in your so-called Malthusian faith, that Providence sends people into the world without providing sustenance for them. You will learn that, however much disguised by competition, all division of labor is only a co-operation of workers to support each other, instead of a wasteful providing of each man for himself. You will master the economic doctrine, disguised by stock exchanges, that interest, profits, and wages, come out of new wealth won from the environment of nature by the labor of man. Lastly, you will see that, in terms of Carlyle's problem, the thing which is to bring the bare backs and the spun shirts together is the organizing power of human brains.

To understand the peculiar problem of employment of the present day, we have to remember that the conditions of living

and of wealth are totally changed from what they were a century ago. At that time it would have appeared absurd to think that any one could starve in the midst of plenty. Men then depended simply on the land, and so long as man does so, and is content with this simple life, he need scarcely ever starve. But when steam brought in sight the undreamt-of possibilities of wealth, as many as could forsook the land. Industry became an implicit contract between manufacturer and farmer, where the former cut himself off from the old means of living on condition that the latter would grow enough for both, and give his surplus food in exchange for the manufactures. But, even so late as the beginning of this century, this division was not complete. Industry was carried on in the cottage, with the garden patch or the family field close by. There were few factories. The employers of labor were travelling merchants, who bought up all the production of particular workers, or gave out material to be made up in the homes of the workers. But the application, first of water power and then of steam, brought in the factory system, and completed the division between the country and the town. To-day, when the factory system has come to its full development, what is the position of the worker?

He has no access to the land on which he might, at least, support life simply as his fathers did. He has no tools of his own, or capital to buy them. Even if he had, he has no market, for capitalist production on a large scale makes small production unprofitable. In short, the workman thrown out of employment cannot help himself. He must wander the streets till he finds an employer who wishes him. All labor in the present day waits, not on the capitalist — that is a Socialist mistake — but on the *entrepreneur*, the organizer. If he fail to interpret the wants of the market, the market goes bare, and the workman has to live on charity. In a word, the very life of thousands, perhaps millions, rests upon the ability of employers to find a market for goods produced in huge quantities in anticipation of demand.

That is what I meant by saying that the one thing that can bring the bare backs and the spun shirts together is the organizing power of human brains. We have now to look at the function of the employer, and see why it is that he is not able to organize better. For, remembering the infinity of human wants, and the

willingness of unemployed hands, it is the organizer we must blame.* The fact seems to be that the world's progress is continually outrunning its organizing power. Production of anything is so great that a few manufacturers speedily supply all the demand for their goods, and then, instead of waiting for the articles to win their way, and make a market, they double their production in order to cheapen it by a fraction and undersell their rivals; they glut the market, and then throw the worker on the street till things right themselves. All the time the world is wanting and waiting for other things; when one demand is supplied, if the same energy were turned on to supply another, there would be no over-production.

The function, then, of the wise organizer is to keep a watchful eye on what the consumers need, to have it ready for them at the time and place it is wanted, and not to produce more than is wanted. But here we come in sight of the consideration that takes away from the blame of the organizer. It is the fact that we have adopted a system of industry that makes exceptional demands on organization—a system so complicated that we must have many mistakes and failures. We have adopted division of labor as our great principle of industry, and this division of labor has peculiar dangers that did not exist in simpler times. In those days the workman did the whole of his particular business. No one now does the whole of anything; each man does one little part of a thing, and hands it on to the man of a complementary trade to do another part, and so on. Take such a small thing as a spool of cotton thread. To-day the Egyptian woman takes a few pods of cotton, and with the aid of a distaff twists them into a coarse thread. But consider how the same result is reached in our organization of industry. In Carolina the planters cultivate the cotton plant on great estates. Under a tropical sky, and amid malaria which is death to white men, the negro picks it. In New Orleans the merchants pack it and arrange for sending it to Europe. The railway and shipping

industries carry it to Liverpool. Arrived there, one trade receives it, stores, and sells it. Then the cotton-spinners take it, and thousands of operatives are employed in doing nothing else than watching the machines that take the dirty cotton, tear it and tease it and clean it, carding it with iron teeth, combing it with steel combs, drawing it out finer and finer in successive frames, till the self-acting mule turns it out as the gossamer-like yarn. In this cotton-spinning there are some ten different trades carried on under one roof, and men's and women's lives are spent in doing a small part of what is itself but a small part. Then the yarn is taken by the Brookses or Coates or Clarks; huge mills and thousands of spindles are kept running for one insignificant process alone, viz., laying six strands of yarn together and twisting them into a thread, just as any child might do with his fingers. The twisted yarn is sent to bleachers near the towns. All over the Highlands there are little mills, where the birchwood is sawn into lengths, cut into blocks, and finally, by a single turn of the lathe, changed into the small wooden spool. The thread and the spools are brought into the factory again. Here is one flat of workers winding the hank; another changing it to smaller spools; another putting it on the small bobbin we all know; another putting on the labels; another tying up into dozen parcels. And only then, after passing through some dozens of trades, comes into our modern hands what the Egyptian woman does all for herself.

What is true of one trade is true in more or less degree of all. The world's industry is carried on as a vast co-operation or division of labor. It is like an extremely complicated machine, where every separate trade represents some wheel, or crank, or pin connected with and necessary to the working of the rest. It is the very perfection of the machine that makes it so easily go wrong. The penalty of all high organization is high sensitiveness. One would say, apart from metaphor, that the necessary thing for the proper working of any such machine would be, that there was one mind to look after it; to see that all the parts were balanced and harmonious. That, of course, is impossible in our larger machine; but just in proportion as we get away from this one informing mind, do we endanger the smooth working of industry. Now, the fact about our divided industry is, there are scarcely two consecutive processes

* "Fancy a farmer's wife, to whom one or two of her servants should come at twelve o'clock at noon, crying that they had got nothing to do; that they did not know what to do next; and, fancy still further, the said farmer's wife looking hopelessly about her rooms and yard, they being all the while considerably in disorder, not knowing where to set the spare handmaidens to work, and at last complaining bitterly that she had been obliged to give them their dinner for nothing. That's the type of the kind of political economy we practise too often in England." (Ruskin's Political Economy of Art.)

that are regulated by one mind. The organization of industry, as we know it, is kept in work by the individual self-interests of many men working, for the most part, without knowledge of each other.

To make this clearer: if over every class of trade, from its raw material to its finished product, there were one head — if, *e.g.*, any one person, or organized company of persons, could say to the planter: "Next season the world will require so many thousand bales of cotton;" to the spinner: "Have your spindles ready to take these up;" to the twister: "Be ready to take so much yarn as it comes from the spinner" — then the working of the various trades into each other would be easy. There would be steady demand and steady supply, continuity of employment, and no depression. But the calculation of the spinner is simply this: "Last year I sold so many pounds weight, and made so much profit; with this profit I shall put down a few more thousand spindles, and trust to selling all the new production somehow — either from a new demand, or at the expense of some one who cannot sell so cheap." That is to say, each maker of each little part guesses what the makers of the other little parts will require, and generally guesses wildly enough. The wonder is, not that there is periodical depression, but that the industrial machine works at all. Trades do work into one another somehow, but at the cost of an enormous deal of friction and an enormous amount of waste. Any one who has had experience, as the writer has had, of carrying on two processes of consecutive manufacture under one roof knows the difficulty. If, *e.g.*, in one mill there is spinning yarn and twisting the same into thread, it at all times needs careful and individual management to arrange from month to month that there is production of yarn, just enough and no more, to keep the twisting-frames steadily working. Even with the best management there is every month a considerable quantity of capital sunk in real over-production; production, that is, of stuff that is not wanted at the time, or perhaps is not wanted at all. It is not too much to say that there are in our great factories some millions of pounds of yarn that are dead stock; good yarn, but not the right yarn for the market; numbers too coarse perhaps, or too fine; goods that will be wrought up some time, but meantime are unsalable.

But this is a simple case in comparison with the actual facts of divided industry. Take these two processes from under the

one roof; carry out the division of labor as it is everywhere being carried out; put the spinning mills in Bolton and the weaving ones in Glasgow. Consider, then, the scores of spinning factories working for the scores of weaving factories, but with no head over any two consecutive processes; working only by rough guesses, not to dignify them by the name of calculations. Can we wonder that factories are built to supply wants that do not exist; that machines are made and set to turn out what there is already too much of; that one process, and one trade, is brought to a standstill for want of the others which ought to be ready to take up the part-product and are not; that miscalculation produces too much here, too little there?

Now if it were a finished article that was thus turned out in too great abundance, that is, an article ready for consumption, such goods would always find a buyer at some price. But our greatest industries are those which are turning out only parts of things, and these parts are useless for any human want if not complemented by other processes. A half-spun yarn, *e.g.*, or a half-twisted thread, or a bar of pig-iron, what good are they to any one if the supplementary processes, necessary to fit them for human use, are not available? It is essentially the same as if one man started a factory to make pin-heads, and found that there was no one producing the body of the pin.

This hitch in the continuity of divided industry may conveniently be called the dislocation between producer and producer. The necessity of organized industry is that each individual, each trade, even each country, should work smoothly into every other. For want of knowledge of each other's wants they cannot do so. Too much is produced, or too little, or the wrong thing, and a part of the industrial machine is dislocated — thrown out of gear. There is much capital sunk in this over-production, in putting things in the wrong places, or leaving them half finished. The wealth that might have been immediately consumed, or been put into the dynamic form of assisting future production, lies unproductive; ultimately it may be lost or not; but, in any case, it is as good meantime as if buried from the world.

The organization of our industry, however, has led to another and an even more serious hitch; what we might call the dislocation between producer and consumer. To understand this we must keep in mind the twofold character of most men as at

the same time producers and consumers. To-day, of course, few men produce what they consume. We can conceive of a time when each man only made, or dug, what he wanted for his own living, as we can conceive of a clergyman reading his own sermons. But both are beyond the historic horizon. So long, however, as agriculture was the mainstay of the country, men did live from their own fields, and only sold the surplus they had left after their own consumption. But in our capitalist times no one makes for himself; each makes goods that require a market; and the larger the production the greater the chance of miscalculating the consumers' wants. This, of course, is economical production; thanks to it we are able to put within the reach of even poor people luxuries undreamt of by the richest of our ancestors. But there is a very great danger that attends this division of labor. As levels of comfort rise, more and more men embark their fortunes in the making of luxuries, and bind up their workers' destinies with their making. Capital is sunk in their manufacture; workmen skilled in special lines are trained to rely on this trade for their daily bread. And here is the penalty. These goods are not necessities of any man's life. They cannot themselves support life, and they are things the community can quite well for a time do without. If there is a bad harvest, or a war, or any destruction of capital, or any of the many hitches possible in our industrial machine, those who suffer begin to economize, and they first, of course, economize on luxuries. The results we all know. So long as there is any profit at all the wealthier makers increase their production to make up in "turn over" what they lose in price; the weaker go on short time or close their factories; the capital sunk in mills and machinery lies unproductive, and the moth and rust get their share. Those thrown out of employment go to swell the great army of the unemployed; they increase the competition among the workers of other trades, take the bread out of their fellows' mouths, and bring down the rate of wages all over.

Now, when once there is a hitch between maker and maker, or maker and consumer, it is very easy to account for the other phenomena of depression by simple contagion. If any considerable body of men are once thrown out of employment they cease to buy the goods they did before. Every man from whom they formerly bought is affected, is less able

himself to buy; and the depression propagates itself from the makers of luxuries to the producers of the commonest necessities. It is, perhaps, worth while to go more fully into this. Every man, as I said, economically has two sides; he is a seller and he is a buyer. He sells his labor, and with the wages of that labor he buys goods. But his buying of the goods depends on his selling of his labor. So long as he can freely sell there is little danger of more being produced than he will consume — the proof of which is that, in good times, when there is plenty of employment, there is no cry of over-production. But if he cannot sell his labor he cannot buy the goods made, however much he may want and even require them, and there is over-production. We should have a clearer, though not necessarily a more correct, view of it, if we called the phenomenon in question under-consumption; they are two names for the same thing. In any case, the necessary action and reaction of buying and selling come to a stop; the seller and the buyer prove their dependence on each other by suffering with each other.

Suppose that we were all engaged in one great factory — a factory containing many trades under one roof. In one part, suppose, men are baking, in another brewing, in another making cloth, and so on. What would be the condition of this community's prosperity? It would be that they were all working, and all getting wages for the work done, and with these wages were buying from the others all the things they made. Who are the buyers of this great and varied production? No other than the sellers. Who are the sellers? No other than the buyers. They sell the product of their own labor; they buy the products of the labor of others. There is no outside market. If you cannot sell you cannot buy; if others cannot buy you cannot sell. You are shut up in a circle; you can only have steady production if you have steady consumption; you can only have steady consumption if men are kept in steady production.

But if, in this factory, the demands of the consuming producers are such, that there are great classes of men trained up to make the things which the other workers have been buying readily, and if the demand for these goods suddenly falls off, the makers of them are thrown out of employment; they get no wages; and they in turn cannot buy the things they were buying, and thus they cease demanding from those left in work. These latter

gradually find themselves without a market; their labor also comes to a standstill. Just, then, in proportion as our labor is organic is any distress contagious.

Now, if in a community like this there is danger that men may cease buying because they cannot sell, much more is it the case in our modern society, where there are great numbers of men and greater numbers of women doing nothing else but wastefully consuming. Their demand is dominated by fashion, and is necessarily capricious and spasmodic; so much so that one would be inclined to say that the vagaries of each season's fashions are enough to give the first start to the contagion of depression.

To sum up. The explanation of irregularity of employment, and with it of the low level of working-class comfort, is to be found in the very perfectness of our organized and divided labor. We are, most of us, spending our lives in making little parts of things; we depend on others to do the other parts that are to supplement and complement our labor. And, again, all of us who are producers are dependent on a demand that is annually becoming more varied and more capricious. As producers, we are getting less able to stand alone. As consumers, more responsibility is thrown upon us. The industrial machine is getting more organic and more sensitive. Consequently every year it takes less to cause a dislocation of industry; every year the slightest dislocation propagates its effects sooner and wider.

The outlook, I am afraid, is not very hopeful. The sensitiveness of highly organized industry is a thing that cannot be cured. Our free-trade policy is the carrying out of the principle of the division of labor and organization of industry to its full and logical extent. By our adoption of it we have set before us an ideal of industry organized over the field of the world, involving the most entire dependence of trades and countries on each other—a form of industry so highly organic that it will thrill from one end to another at the slightest dislocation.

As we become more dependent on organization, our hope for the future must be in the organizer. We may be sure that, gradually, the friction of competition will bring more organizing power to the surface. But there is a better hope than that, and one not so hopeless of realization as when Carlyle expressed it. It is that a better conception of the place and dignity of industry may induce the best men

of the nation to become captains in this war against bare backs. The last hundred years have been the experimental time of a new age. It was inevitable that the Frankenstein of steam should do many and cruel things before it got subdued to be the slave of humanity. It was inevitable that men should get intoxicated with the possibilities of wealth, and mistake the accumulation of it for life itself. It was inevitable, too, that great command over labor should be associated with great rewards, and noble work be done for noble salary. But in the evolution of the world there is no evil but brings a larger good. It is possible that this very disease of bad distribution may bring its own cure. Are there not signs that the younger men of the middle classes, brought up in luxury, are growing careless of that whose want they have never felt, and may soon seek nobler lives in organizing and regimenting men to work for themselves, not for their masters, and to find a life fit for human souls in their work, rather than after it? Or that we economists may, even in his lifetime, acknowledge our debt to the man we have so much derided, in accepting his words as the new gospel of industry?—

The merchant's function is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. The stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining and producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing and obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead; and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells, in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or trans-

ference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.*

WM. SMART.

* Unto This Last, p. 32.

From The Nineteenth Century.

MR. MAX MÜLLER'S "SCIENCE OF THOUGHT."

It is with some misgivings that I venture to make a few observations on Mr. Max Müller's last and most important work. The number of those who are entitled to discuss seriously the results of the labor of a lifetime devoted to studies of the most arduous and special kind must be very small, and it certainly does not include me. His work, however, though founded on the author's study of language, goes far beyond mere philology and connects it with so many subjects of the most general interest that I wish to make some observations upon it, especially because it appears to have attracted less general attention than its extraordinary interest seems to call for.

Mr. Max Müller considers that he has opened and followed up to a great extent a track which will ultimately lead to the solution of all the fundamental philosophical problems which have been considered insoluble for thousands of years and have led many people to regard metaphysics as a disease of the mind.

Such an assertion in the mouth of an unknown man would hardly deserve attention, but when a man who, after most successful studies lasting over nearly half a century, tells us that, by following a road on which he has travelled for a considerable distance, "philosophy would have and could have no longer any secrets, it would cease to exist,"* it appears, to say the very least, worth while to try to understand the grounds of his opinion.

I will try to give a sketch of his principal positions and of the grounds on which they rest, and will make a few remarks which they suggest. My attempt to do so is justified by a passage in the work itself.

It is no easy task [he observes] to attempt to give in a few words a true abstract of Kant's philosophy; yet if we wish to gain a clear view of the . . . movement of human thought we must be satisfied with short abstracts. . . . Whole pages, nay, whole volumes, must here be represented by one or two lines, and all

that is essential is that we should not lose sight of the salient points in each system.*

"The Science of Thought" fills six hundred and eighteen pages, and though the whole of it is logically connected together, I think that the force and interest of the argument may possibly be increased by compression, as it requires somewhat careful reading to follow the author through the mass of proofs and illustrations which he has accumulated, and the collateral though related subjects into which from time to time he diverges.

The best means of summarizing his work will be to collect into one view what I conceive to be his main propositions so as to show their logical connections, and then to examine each of them successively with its proofs. These propositions seem to me to be as follows:—

1. Thought is an operation which proceeds in every reasonable man. Thought, *cogito*, means *co-agito*, a word which is nearly equivalent to a Sanscrit term which Mr. Max Müller says means "working within." Also "a thing," the most general term in language, means "a think." The subject by which this operation is conducted or in which it proceeds Mr. Max Müller calls "the ego as personating the self"—an obscure phrase which he does not explain, but which seems not to mean more than the word man. The operation he calls mind, including under that word sensation, perception, conception, and naming, as well as various modes of combining and separating the results of those processes.†

2. Thought is identical with language, the only difference between them being that language is, and that thought is not, until it is uttered as language, made audible or visible by means of external signs. Hence the history and science of thought are identical with the history and science of language.

3. There are four stages in the formation of language which may be separately named and thought of, but which are no more separable in fact than a substance and its qualities. These are sensation, perception, conception, and naming. An act of imagination is necessary to convert mere sensation into perception; and an act of generalization to convert perceptions of the same sort into conceptions.‡

* P. 515.

† See especially p. 64 and following.

‡ I call them conceptions, and not, as Mr. Max Müller does, concepts, because the word "concept" jars on my ear as a technical metaphysical expression. Such a phrase as "I have no conception what he

* The Science of Thought, by F. Max Müller. Longmans, 1887.

The representation of the conception by a sound is naming, and names are language. This represents what may be called the anatomy of language.

4. Though sensation is an essential part of thought without which it cannot exist, yet sensation alone cannot account for all our thoughts. The proper way of accounting for the whole arrangement of our thoughts is by Kant's theories as to space, time, and the categories. His philosophy arrives from a different point of view at the same results as Mr. Max Müller.

5. Language is the specific difference which distinguishes men from animals, and disproves the theory that men were developed out of animals. This is not inconsistent with the theory of evolution rightly understood, though to some extent it is inconsistent with Darwin.

6. The history of language shows that the languages spoken by the most important nations of modern Europe may all be derived from about eight hundred roots, expressing one hundred and twenty-one conceptions which are turned into cognate words by the application of prefixes, suffixes, affixes, etc.,—the parts of speech devised by grammarians and referable to and confirmed by the categories established by Kant and other philosophers.

7. Language is subject to the diseases of mythology and metaphor, the only cure for which is definition. By this means it is capable of such improvements as would reduce all human knowledge to the clearest and simplest form possible in the nature of the case.

These are the principal matters comprised in Mr. Max Müller's great work. I will try to develop them somewhat more fully and make a few observations upon each, though it is obvious that in a matter of such magnitude hardly any one is entitled to speak with authority.

1. The first of the propositions which I have stated is rather assumed than proved by Mr. Max Müller, and indeed it stands in no need of proof, for it is little more than a definition of the word "mind," and a description of the process of thinking.

The view that sensation is a part of the process, and indeed the foundation on which the whole edifice of thought is built, may to some persons appear paradoxical.

means" is perfectly natural. "Conceit" would be less objectionable in sound than concept, but would not be understood; no one is likely to confound conception, the act or process, with conception, the result. Mr. Max Müller himself uses "sensation" to express both the process and the result. He does not talk of pleasure or pain as "sensates."

It appears to me to be the fundamental truth of all rational speculation on these subjects, and indeed to mark the point of union between Mr. Müller and the most popular and influential school of philosophy of the day, that of John Mill and his disciples and adherents. Nothing is more characteristic of Mr. Müller than the way in which he holds fast by sensation and refuses to proceed a single step without its support, although the theory that in sensation itself there is a mental element is equally characteristic of him. He invariably insists that the mind is not a mere looking-glass, that in thought it is not a mere passive recipient of impressions from without. I do not believe that any one ever did hold these views. The metaphor about the looking-glass could be used by reasonable persons only as a vivid way of denying what Mr. Max Müller denies himself, the possibility of thought without sensation. Indeed, I may go a step further—I do not believe that any one who has ever watched children or noticed a picture or a tune can possibly doubt that we learn to see and to hear as we learn to speak and to walk. The conception of mind as a process in which sensation, perception, conception, and naming take place will in these days be denied by few to be correct, and most people will be ready to agree that the processes described are simultaneous and inseparable. A name is, no doubt, in some cases consciously imposed, such as the words "ohm" etc., used in reference to electricity, but when this is done the thing named is always previously known by some more elaborate and less convenient name. Dog is a name as well as Argus. Manuscript or book is a name as well as the science of thought.

In restricting his list of mental operations to perception and conception Mr. Max Müller is very moderate. His knowledge of language enables him to make ceaseless efforts to simplify it. Some of his observations on the extent to which, according to his views, condensation might be carried in the matter of philosophical terms deserve gratitude which can hardly be exaggerated.

I believe it would really be the greatest benefit to mental science if all such terms as impression, sensation, perception, intuition, presentation, representation, conception, idea, thought, cognition, as well as sense, mind, memory, intellect, understanding, reason, soul, spirit, could for a time be banished from our philosophical dictionaries, and not be readmitted till they had undergone a thorough

purification. . . . I deny that there are any such things as soul, mind, memory, intellect, understanding, and reason, or that the conscious monon [why not man or men?] can be said to be endowed with them, whether in the shape of separate faculties or useful instruments.*

He does not, however, object to the use of such words "as the names of certain modes of action of a self-conscious monon," † or man.

2. The second proposition affirms the identity of thought and language, and draws the inference that the history and science of the two must be identical.

The assertion and illustration of this proposition occupy a large part of the book. Mr. Müller carefully examines the views upon this subject of a number of philosophers. He says that, amongst the Germans, W. von Humboldt, Schelling, and Hegel held his view, ‡ but that of English writers no one has held it without qualification except Archbishop Whately. This inquiry is most interesting, but I cannot follow it here, neither can I enter upon the still more interesting and curious inquiry which he makes into the reasons which may have induced these writers to hesitate before admitting his views. The matter has given rise to a great controversy in *Nature* and elsewhere as to the truth of the assertion itself, a good deal of which I have read, and I will confine myself to giving the reasons which lead me to agree absolutely with Mr. Max Müller's opinion, and to pointing out one of the inferences which follow from the admission of its truth.

In the first place it must be understood what Mr. Max Müller means by language. He means by it significant sounds or other signs made perceptible to the senses and conveying some conception of a more or less general character. Language would thus include words spoken, words written, and significant gestures indicating any conception of a general character.

He says:—

Other signs may take the place of words. Five fingers or five lines are quite sufficient

* P. 18.

† A good instance of an early objection taken to the existence in men of these numerous subsidiary beings is to be found in an extract from Richter's "Levana," given in Max Müller's "German Classics," ii. 632; Richter's "siebenjährige Tochter behauptete, wenn die Seele im Kopfe wieder Arme und Beine und einen Kopf hätte, so müsste in diesem wieder eine Seele wohnen und diese hätte wieder einen Kopf und so immer fort." In Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium" the will and the conscience are always conceived of as subordinate human beings with rights, duties, reasons, consciences, and wills of their own.

‡ P. 46.

to convey the concept of five between people speaking different languages, possibly between deaf and dumb people who speak no language at all.

On the other hand, the word language, according to this definition, would not apply to sounds, signs, or gestures which indicated only particular passive states of feeling such as a cry of rage, pain, or fear, a gesture of attack or defence uttered or employed either by a man or an animal.

If language is thus defined, it is, I think, impossible to suggest any real exception to what is admitted to be the general rule that thought and language are identical. Such apparent exceptions as that the deaf and dumb can think are disposed of by the terms of the definition, for such persons think by means of significant signs, though it can never be known in what way such a sign presents itself to their minds.*

Two arguments only against Mr. Max Müller—and at bottom they are different forms of the same argument—appear to me to have any considerable weight.

These cases are, first, that animals perform many acts which might be the result of thought, in which case, if thought and language are identical, they would use language, which is admittedly not the case. Secondly, that in all sorts of cases in which men act rationally, they act without thinking in words. A fencer, for instance, in fencing, a sportsman in aiming his gun, a musician in playing on an instrument. Almost every one, in a word, who does an act requiring address and rapidity of execution acts without any external use of language, though he certainly thinks and acts as he would act if he did think.

With regard to animals Mr. Max Müller's answer is that we are entirely ignorant of the minds of animals and are wholly unable to say that they think. All that can be said is that there is not the slightest reason to suppose that they use any significant sounds, vocal or otherwise. That they have senses like our own, often more acute and possibly in some cases different in kind, is proved by an immense amount of evidence. That something

* The way in which the deaf and dumb are taught to speak is as follows: The teacher puts the hands of the scholar one on the teacher's and one on the scholar's throat, so as to feel the movements of the muscles while the teacher speaks. The scholar's attention is also directed to the motions of the teacher's lips. The words must thus represent to the scholar's mind certain motions of the lips as associated with other motions of the muscles of the throat. The result of this sort of treatment is most surprising. A person so trained, being told that her brothers had been playing quoits, said, "Ko-its? is that right? What a very odd word!"

which as a mere cover for our ignorance we call instinct leads them to do acts which, if the result of reflection, would require much thought and experience is equally clear.* But all this shows only our ignorance and the impossibility of making any satisfactory assertions about animals and their thoughts or whatever in them does instead of thought.

In short, the case of animals proves, not that it is possible to think without language, but that it is possible to act intelligently without language by means with which mankind are not acquainted.

As for those parts of human conduct which are referred to, many of them may be explained by the fact that there are cases in which a man must not stop to think if he wishes to act properly, but must trust to an acquired habit, as people do in repeating what they have learnt by heart, or when fencing, dancing, or playing on a musical instrument. There are other cases in which a man thinks so rapidly and in so condensed a fashion that he is not aware that he thinks at all, but it does not follow that so far as he does think it is not in words. A man who is making a speech, and decides in a moment to avoid a particular statement or to change the topic on which he is dwelling, would, I think, do so because some thought, some unspoken word, forgotten as soon as the warning which it conveyed had operated, passed through his mind, no matter how quickly and in how summary a way. He would read, for instance, into the half-uttered "stop" or "don't" a momentary expression in the face of a person whom he wished to persuade.

The decisive test upon the whole subject, however, appears to me to be the one which Mr. Max Müller suggests: let any one try to think of a dog without using mentally the word dog, or some equivalent word, or to think the phrase, "*Cogito ergo sum*," without those words in one language or other, and he must, I think, if honest, confess that the attempt is like trying to breathe without air, or to see in

the dark. It is prohibiting yourself from using the only means by which the required thing can be done.

A strong illustration of the truth of this view is to be found in one of the popular arguments against it. Thoughts, it is said, must in some cases be deeper than words, because no words can express the thoughts which are excited by particular objects. A beautiful woman, a beautiful piece of music, a beautiful view, all raise, as the phrase is, thoughts too deep for words. To ask that the thoughts so raised may be indicated in some other way than by words is, no doubt, to ask an impossibility; but if this is so, how can any one be sure that he has such thoughts? A thought which cannot be expressed or recalled to the mind, or be in any way fixed in a definite shape, is not a thought at all, but only a state of feeling; and though it is impossible to imagine a state of feeling which cannot be named, there is no state of feeling which can be adequately described. This is shown by all attempts to do so.

A lady once described to a friend her feelings on having a strong double tooth pulled out, by saying that she felt as if her head was coming off. The friend asked what it felt like to have your head come off. Pain, pleasure, hope, fear, in all their innumerable varieties, are words with which we cannot dispense, but which tell us very little. How much do we learn by being told that a rose smells sweet, or that flowers in a bedroom are often oppressive? The noblest piece of music ever written conveys no definite meaning whatever, nothing which can be called thought, because it is not sufficiently definite. It is sometimes said of a first-rate player on the violin that he can make it speak. The phrase indicates in its exaggeration the impassable limit between language or thought and mere sound, however expressive. Every one knows what is meant by the speaking of a musical instrument, but no two persons, asked what it said, would give the same answer. The beginning of "The heavens are telling" is identical, or nearly identical, with that of "The Lass of Richmond Hill." Do the notes say, "The heavens are telling the glory of God," or, "On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, more fair than May-day morn"? The truth is that a thought which cannot be put into words is not thought at all; it is only an attempt to think. A word which does not call up a thought is not a word but a mere noise.

The practical consequences of admit-

* A wonderful instance of this is given by Mr. Max Müller in the case of the emperor moth and the provision which it makes when a grub for its protection in passing from the condition of a chrysalis into that of a butterfly, by spinning a case of a very peculiar construction. How could a creature which became an orphan as an egg, and which never had any friends, know that it was to be a chrysalis and was afterwards to become a butterfly? How could it tell what facilities a butterfly would require for getting out of the case spun by the grub for the chrysalis, or how bristles of three different degrees of stiffness and pointing in different directions would afford those facilities? (Pp. 13-14.) It is as if a new-born baby was able to make a shroud suitable for its easy resurrection.

ting this doctrine are the subject of the whole of Mr. Max Müller's book, and I believe he is the first person who has ever recognized them, or set them forth in an intelligible form. In his examination of the views of different philosophers who have treated of it, and after quoting Humboldt, Schelling, and Hegel, he says, "None of them seems to have had a suspicion how, if these words be true, all that we call philosophy will have to be put on a new footing."*

I do not think that any one who carefully reads "The Science of Thought" will be able to deny this, though there are many particular parts of the contents of the book which are open to great question, and many others in which Mr. Max Müller's assertions can be tested by only an infinitesimal number of persons.

The principal and the strongest point in his case seems to me to be that, whatever may be said of thought, language is, at all events, a definite, permanent thing, which can be studied and discussed according to fixed rules. A very large part of what is commonly called philosophy consists of statements which it is impossible to test, and which it is often impossible to understand at all, or at least without an amount of labor probably disproportionate to the advantage to be derived from it. Both of these defects arise from the notion that indistinct feelings in the philosopher's own mind are thoughts, and that the task before him is that of devising language fitted to express them. The result frequently is the invention of a whole mass of new words and new names, or the use of old ones in question-begging senses which greatly puzzle both writers and readers, and often have no distinct meaning whatever.

If the identity of thought and language were fully understood, it would have a stronger tendency than anything else to the encouragement of plainness and simplicity in speculation, especially upon subjects which have been under discussion for thousands of years.

It would be still more useful in marking the limits of such discussion. The whole tone of them would be changed, if it were generally understood that they are discussions about words, and that they can be conducted to advantage only by definitions of the fundamental terms contained in them. They might thus in most cases be brought to an end in a reasonable time. Suppose, for instance, the subject of dis-

cussion is free will. How much more likely it is that it will be brought to some conclusion if the meaning of the two monosyllables "free" and "will" be considered as the meaning of any other word would be than if the disputants assume without any such examination that they know what they respectively admit and deny, and appeal on the one side to their own consciousness by assertions which no one can test, or to arguments about statistics and other matters the relevancy of which is continually denied, and is impossible to be proved, on the other.

Suppose, again, that the history of all important words were to be made known; and that the degree to which they originally were, or in the course of time came to be, metaphors were fully understood, what a flood of light would this throw upon all sorts of controversies! Fifty or perhaps even forty years ago Coleridge was a great name in English speculation. In all Carlyle's writings there is no more striking description than that which depicts him as sitting in the character of a giver of oracles at Highgate, entreating mankind to prepare themselves for his work on the Logos (which never was written) by grasping the fundamental and all-important distinction between the reason and the understanding, which, says Carlyle, you could never understand. How much trouble it would have saved to him and to others to learn that reason and understanding are only two metaphors which describe mental operations respectively as counting, and resisting or standing up against external facts until you can conceive their relations and connections. So that the distinction is as important as one by which I was puzzled as a boy, the distinction namely between the Tully who was so much admired in the last century and the Cicero to whom my admiration was directed on similar grounds in the present.

This, however, is a matter to which I shall return in a later part of this article.

3. Mr. Max Müller's third proposition is that which gives what I have called the anatomy of thought and language.

There are, he says, four stages in it: sensation, perception, conception, naming. Practically they are inseparable and simultaneous. But they can be conceived of and named separately. I have already made one or two observations on this subject, in considering what I have remembered as his first proposition. I may add to what I have already said, that the proposition to be correct must be confined to

* P. 45.

human beings. Mr. Max Müller would, I think, admit himself and even insist that animals possess both sensation and perception, which, as he says, imply some power of generalization. The evidence to each man that animals feel and perceive is, if we except the evidence given by language, precisely the same as the evidence that other men besides himself feel and perceive. That perception is not distinguishable except in name and theoretically from conception seems equally plain. In perceiving a tree or any other natural object, we combine into one an immense number of things which might be separately named and thought of, and what is this but an early stage of conception? The same thing might be said of the perception of a leaf or a grain of dust. It thus seems impossible to separate, and therefore not expedient to distinguish, the two processes. The power of naming seems to be the point at which a plain, recognizable difference between men and animals comes in. For this reason I should prefer for Mr. Max Müller's percept and concept to use the word *idea*. It is noticeable that he has very little occasion to speak of percepts in the course of his book. Indeed, there is nothing to say of percepts, as he calls them, except that they mark an ideal step in the history of a name.

4. What I have stated as the fourth proposition, namely, that the formation of conceptions is due not merely to our senses but to certain conditions stated by Kant as those under which we think, appears hardly necessary to the main course of his argument, though it is necessary to what he says of Darwin, and though it is easy to understand the satisfaction which Mr. Max Müller feels in connecting himself so emphatically with Kant and his views. To expect him to abstain from doing so would be to show ignorance of the almost invincible attractions which the discussions lying at the basis of all philosophy exercise over all who have ever taken part in them, and are specially likely to exercise over one who celebrated Kant's centenary by publishing an English translation of Kant's greatest work in a form as little difficult to be understood as the nature of the case allows.

The impression left on my mind by a careful study of Mr. Max Müller's book is that, if he is right in his account of the part of Kant's philosophy with which he has to do, it makes no difference at all to the science of thought whether it is true or false, for the essence of it is only this,

that without sensation thought is impossible, but that as soon as we use our senses we arrange our thoughts with reference to time and space and also with reference to certain lists or categories under one or more of which all our thoughts about our sensations may be arranged, and that neither time nor space nor any of these categories or lists can be referred to experience, because without them no experience would be possible.

That this is true as a general description of human thought and sensation no one disputes or ever did or could dispute, though of course the lists or categories may be differently named and numbered. Kant recognizes twelve, Aristotle ten, Mill four, and Schopenhauer only one, but did any sane human being doubt that in all our thinkings time and place are always to be found more or less distinctly, or that our thoughts, if they are not to be chaotic, must be capable of some classification; that, for instance, it is one thing to think of the quantity of water in the sea (*πόντος*) and another to think of its quality as salt or fresh, green, blue, or transparent (*παῖον*)?

I cannot believe that any sane person ever disputed this statement or any part of it, except the assertion that as time and space and the categories are formative of experience they cannot be derived from it. The answer to the question whether this is so or not depends upon the meaning of the word experience. Mr. Max Müller, like some other writers, sometimes writes as if he thought that a fact learnt by experience must be learnt by degrees. He argues, for instance, that as soon as we understand what is meant by the assertion that two straight lines cannot enclose a space we assent to it at once and are not strengthened in our assent by any amount of specific evidence as to particular straight lines. It seems to me as reasonable to say that we do not learn by experience that a particular piece of paper is blue or red because after once looking at it carefully we are as sure of the fact as if we had it always under our eyes. He also leaves unnoticed facts from which many people infer that our conceptions of both space and time are acquired gradually. I think any one accustomed to the proceedings of children will agree with me in saying that for a considerable time their movements show a complete unconsciousness of the nature of space. The young man born blind who was couched by Cheselden in the last century learned to see by very slow degrees. He said that

"all objects seemed to touch his eyes, as what he felt did his skin." Moreover, "he knew not the shape of anything, nor any one thing from another, however different in shape or magnitude."* Many of a young child's proceedings give a similar impression. It is by moving about in different directions that it learns what space means.

To say that space is formative of or essential to these experiences appears to me to be true only in the sense in which every object is formative of and essential to our experience of it. Unless the particular piece of paper on which I am writing at this moment were before my eyes, I should have no experience at all of it, and it is essential to and formative of such experience as I have. Our experience of space is derived from seeing its contents, and noticing their positions in it and their distance from ourselves and each other, of which we are warned by slight differences of color, the meaning of which it takes much experience and reflection to learn.

The truth, I think, is that the word "experience" is something of a snare, and that it would be better to use instead of it, in reference to this matter, "sensation" and "inferences from sensation." This would show how narrow and unimportant are the differences between (*e.g.*) Kant and Mill on these subjects. Kant, as interpreted by Mr. Max Müller, would strenuously contend that thought and language rest ultimately upon sensation, and Mill, I think, would have admitted that men are not mere passive recipients of impressions in sensation.

Those who say we get the idea of space from experience, and those who say that space is a form of sensuous intuition "given" in sensation, both appear to me to mean that without sensation space could not be known, and that sensation makes it known.

To speak of anything as being "given" in sensation instead of being learnt by experience seems to me to be what Mr. Max Müller would call mythology. That is to say, in order to explain sensation itself and to avoid the admission that the nature of space is perceived by the senses as much as color, it resorts to a fabulous process of gift, a conception subsequent to that of property and transfer and wholly inapplicable to the origin of the process of perception. I can perceive no difference at all between the combined action

of light, touch, taste, and smell, which makes us aware of an orange, and the combined action of light, touch, and what has been called the muscular sense, which makes us aware of space, nor have I ever been able to see what you add to the assertion that the geometrical amount of space is true by the assertion that its truths are necessary. A necessary truth has always appeared to me to be no more than a common truth encumbered with an unnecessary and almost unmeaning epithet. When it is said that food is necessary to life or an eye to sight I clearly understand what is meant, namely that if a man have no eyes he cannot see, and that if he has no food he cannot live. If all that is meant by a necessary truth is a truth the knowledge of which is necessary to other knowledge, I admit that the truths about space, time, and the categories are necessary truths; but this is not the sense in which the word is used by Mr. Max Müller. If I understand him aright he means by a necessary truth a truth of which the negation is inconceivable.*

This appears to me to be open to an objection which may be thrown into many forms and illustrated in many different ways, but which can be very shortly stated. It makes mankind judges not only of what is, but of what might have been, and thus appears to me to exaggerate the human powers. If we ascribe the origin of space to God, how can we possibly say what God could have done? If we do not see our way to ascribing it to anything or anybody, what more can we possibly say of it than that it is? The proposition "Whatever is" is useless. The proposition "Whatever is (except A, B, C, and D) might have been something else" appears to me to be doubtful in the extreme, incapable of being proved, and highly objectionable because it affords to uncandid persons an opportunity to dispense with the proof that common and popular opinions are true by calling them "necessary truths" which require no proof.†

* "Dr. Whewell's real position was that an *a priori*, or better a necessary, truth is a proposition the negation of which is not only false but inconceivable" (p. 585). This position Mr. Max Müller appears to accept. He gives a more elaborate account of the matter (pp. 597-601) which is not so shortly summed up, but which appears to me to involve Dr. Whewell's principle.

† The late Professor Clifford denied the absolute truth of geometry, with unquestionable sincerity, but on grounds which I do not pretend to explain. I think he held that space had a definite shape, such as not to admit of the existence of ideally straight lines. Whether he thought there was any place where space stopped, and how, if he did, he conceived of it, I do

* Quoted by Mill on Bailey; review of Berkeley's theory of vision. *Dissertations and Discussions*, ii. 110-12.

There is one more of Mr. Max Müller's utterances about Kant on which I will say a word. Some expressions in "The Science of Thought" seem to show that in one cardinal point Mr. Max Müller differs from him, I think rightly. According to him, one great object of Kant's "Critique" is to solve the problem approached by Locke, Hume, and Berkeley, and, as he considered, not solved by them, of the nature of human knowledge, or, what was to him much the same, of "reason, pure and simple." With this solution, Mr. Max Müller professes himself to be perfectly satisfied, and yet he uses language which to me at least conveys the impression that he differs from it in an essential particular. Kant, he says, admitted "that the raw material of our sensations and thoughts is given to us from without, not from within."* He maintained in consequence that our sensations must have a substantial cause which was from without, in the shape of "substances of which our sensations are supposed to tell us the attributes." In a word he held with what is sometimes called "common sense," against Berkeley, and in order to do so he appealed to what he called transcendental considerations, that is to say, considerations which, though made manifest by and in sensation, are independent of and antecedent to it. This view seems to me to involve the admission that a necessary truth may assert contradictory nonsense, for to assert that sensation is the foundation of all thought, and that our sensations necessitate us to believe that they are caused by a "thing," of which they tell us absolutely nothing, seems to me contradictory, while the expressions "substance" and the like appear to me either to be nonsense, sounds without meaning, or at least to be the names of things which do not exist invented in order to satisfy the imagination—in Mr. Max Müller's phrase, if they are not nonsense they are mere mythology.

I think that Mr. Max Müller ought to agree in this, for the following reason. He says (p. 133) that Kant was "much more successful against Locke and Hume than against Berkeley."

This must be a delicate way of saying that Kant was successful against Locke

and Hume and not against Berkeley, for the sort of contest in which they were engaged is one in which there are no degrees in success and no medium between success and failure.

Again he says (p. 448), "We cannot enter here on the question whether there is such a thing as a substance different from its attributes. Language does not take cognizance of these refinements, but follows the 'vulgus;'" and after a reference to Berkeley he proceeds: "Philosophically there is much to be said for this," etc. This is a similar admission.

Again, his remarks on "fundamental metaphor" (pp. 327, 495, etc.) do not exactly say, but distinctly suggest, that as we attribute unity to external objects by thinking of them more or less as living, so we attribute substance to groups of sensations—I will call them percepts as a little peace-offering—merely for our own convenience.

In a word, I suspect Mr. Max Müller of being a Berkeleyan, like myself, on this particular matter.* J. F. STEPHEN.

* The word "substance" seems to me to have two meanings: (1) Anything regarded as independent of other things (and as capable of being touched). (2) The parts of anything which are important for the purpose for which it is used or applied as distinguished from what is "immaterial" (a most expressive word), as when we speak of the "substance" of a book or of an argument; so you might speak of a German mark as being substantially equal in value to an English shilling, because the difference in small sums is unimportant, being a fraction of a farthing, the price of $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains of silver.

From The Fortnightly Review.
NOTES FROM A PROSPEROUS AGRICULTURAL COUNTRY.

In the depressed state of agriculture in England it is interesting to examine the condition of a neighboring country superior to our own neither in conditions of climate nor soil, but where practical farming is the business of two-thirds of the population, and brings prosperity to the whole nation. Our neighbors and kinsmen the Danes manage not only to grow corn for their own consumption, but to export a considerable quantity of it. Their main exports, however, are butter, eggs, and cattle. At the last census, the proportion between the urban and the rural population was, per thousand, two hundred and thirty-four townspeople to seven hundred and sixty-six rural inhabitants; whilst the agricultural area is divided in the following proportions: gentlemen's farms, fourteen per cent.; peas-

not pretend to know, but it is easy to imagine a limit beyond which there is no object capable of being perceived, no light, no electricity, no air. Between such a space and no space at all (for space is known to us only by its contents) I do not profess to distinguish, neither does Mr. Max Müller, though on grounds from which I think I differ (see pp. 614, 615).

* P. 132.

ants' farms—including both the larger and smaller of the yeoman class—seventy-four per cent.; cottage holdings, eleven per cent.; leaving one per cent. uncultivated. Centralization is less marked than with us; the contented and well-fed rustic generally scorns the town's attractions, but if he be desirous of bettering his position he emigrates. The landed gentry, with exceedingly few exceptions, are keen and practical farmers themselves, bringing education, study, and the experience of generations to bear upon a question that interests them vitally, since, unlike many English country gentlemen, it is from their land that the large majority draw their entire income. Agricultural colleges are numerous and well attended; professors of agricultural chemistry and of the science of husbandry are active as lecturers, busy in the wide diffusion of their knowledge, with the happy results, that at the present day, though the smaller proprietors may occasionally complain, still the yearly exports of enormous quantities of butter, eggs, grain, horses, and cattle, produce a fair mean average of prosperity throughout the country. The Danes indeed seem to have laudably determined to compete with the virgin soil and boundless acreage of new countries like America, by raising their own farming methods to the highest scientific level. After 1870 the agricultural societies went so far as to send instructors from farm to farm, to teach the people, and their instructions were gratefully welcomed. A great impulse was thus given to an export trade in butter of exceptional quality, which gained a deservedly high reputation, slightly clouded perhaps of late years. It is curious to learn how in Germany this idea of widespread instruction has fructified, the intelligent Teuton having even consecrated three million marks wherewith to build him a palace at Berlin to enshrine all the learning which is yet further to enrich the sons of the soil. But then for eighty-one years in Germany technical education has been considered the chief shield and buckler in the fierce fight of competition. In France too—where, in spite of fostering protective duties, farmers great and small, but particularly the latter, do not seem at all content—a finger has been laid with pitiless accuracy upon the festering sore, by no less a personage than the minister of agriculture, Monsieur Barbe. He calls the malady "routine and ignorance;" declares that the only remedy is instruction, and advocates the universal establish-

ment, even in primary schools, of a course of preliminary study bearing upon the question, as preparatory to that offered in the agricultural colleges which he desires to see multiplied and enlarged.

The peasantry of Denmark are divided into four distinct classes, namely, the *Gaardmand* (pronounced Gorman), or yeoman farmer, who either owns or rents from thirty to eighty-five acres (English);* secondly, the *Parcelist*, who owns or rents from eight to thirty acres; thirdly, the *Husmand*, or cottager, with from one to eight acres; and lastly the *Insidder*, who generally rents his cottage and garden plot; and from this last class it is that the laboring men are principally drawn. At present the *Gaardmænd* who own their farms are many, though twenty-five years since nearly all rented their holdings from the *Herremænd*, then possessed of large estates. The *Gaardmand's* tenure was usually for life and for that of his widow, often with optional reversion at her death to the eldest son upon payment of a premium. The rent was frequently paid in kind, with, in addition, certain days' labor with cart and horse; whilst with regard to drainage, building improvements, etc., the landlord generally paid one-half and the tenant the other. From this primitive form of payment in kind arises the present so-called *kapitel-tax*, practically a sliding scale, regulated by the market prices for grain, stock, etc., according to which the half-yearly rent is frequently determined. As early as the end of the last century an attempt was made to encourage the establishment of a peasant proprietary—but not, let it be noted, the creation of the class of small proprietors such as the Revolution has produced in France, since the Danes were too experienced as agriculturists to entertain illusions as to the benefits to be derived from subdividing the land *ad infinitum*; in fact, a law has lately been passed with the full sanction of universal suffrage, whereby the subdivision of farms of a fixed minimum area is prohibited. Still in 1786 a *crédit foncier*, partially supported by a treasury subvention, was founded and empowered to advance money on easy terms to those *Gaardmænd* who should wish to purchase their holdings. Loans upon mortgage were granted up to three-fourths the value of the farm, and the repayment spread over a period of from forty to sixty years. At

* Three tønder of land are equal to four acres English. For convenience all measurements are given here in English acreage.

that time, however, the idea met with but slight response, the yeomen not appearing to see any particular advantage in becoming proprietors. But after the Reform of 1849 new ideas began to prevail; and presently a political agitation was set on foot to create the lacking peasant proprietary, resulting in a bill (passed February, 1861) offering certain advantages to those landowners who within ten years from that date should sell their farms, hitherto let. Now, owing to a certain somewhat arbitrary land law, a Danish proprietor cannot interfere (for the purpose of extension) with the settled cadastral plan of his estate, inasmuch as he is forbidden to throw two or more farms into one. The bait held out to the estate owner by the act of 1861 was that for every ten farms he sold he should receive legal sanction to retain one, by which he could, were he so pleased, extend his home farm, or another. Necessarily the act provided terms of compensation for improvements, etc., and of notice on behalf of the farmers who in these cases had to evacuate their farms. With certain exceptions the greater number of the landlords were willing to sell, and the Gaardmænd—who, during the agitation for the bill, had had their ears filled with the advice of politicians—rushed in to buy; so that in three years nearly three-fourths of them became owners of the land they had for generations worked as tenants; but in the fourth year from the passing of the act, the eagerness to possess entirely subsided. Of the Husmand class only one-fourth were able to buy their holdings, and yet, in addition to cultivating their land, they had invariably worked at a village trade—as they do still—thus giving evidence of the slight aid afforded by *small* holdings towards the accumulation of savings. Among the land-owners who did not choose to sell was one within the direct knowledge of the writer's family, a man with old-fashioned ideas, who persistently replied to his tenants as they came, purse in hand, asking to buy their farms, "No, no, my friends; believe me, I know what is best for you. Were I to sell to you now, ten years hence you would come and beg me to annul the sale." This far-seeing old gentleman is now dead, and his heir would gladly dispose of some of the property; but the yeomen, as if to verify their late landlord's prediction, are not now to be induced to buy by any means. The opinion of many a yeoman to-day is, that upon the terms of the old leases they were far better off as tenants than as owners. At

any rate, the peasantry willingly acknowledge now that there is some advantage in having a landlord between them and the hard times, to act, in some degree, as he so often does, as a buffer against undue pressure. The Gaardmænd of a certain district in the island of Lolland are at the present time offering their farms for repurchase, to their former landlord, at a loss to themselves, so anxious are they to re-enter into their previous state; and the greater part of the island is now being reconverted into a large estate with holdings let on the old system.

The Danish country gentlemen pass their lives upon their estates, and find their chief pleasure and occupation in superintending their profitable farming. Their houses generally possess one striking peculiarity; the farm buildings, facing each other in two long lines, are placed in front, divided from the mansion only by a lawn and carriage drive, shut in by great gates, thus giving it in the distance the appearance of having huge irregular wings, the whole forming three sides of a square. The gardens and park and chief dwelling-rooms, when this is the arrangement, lie upon the other side of the house; but imbued with a wholesome belief in the efficacy of the master's eye, the Herremænd's own particular den, wherein he transacts his business and receives his bailiff, etc., is always a room with windows commanding the long farmyard, and beyond a few poplars, therefore, no trees or shrubs are planted to mask the view, which is, however, far from an unsightly one. The buildings of such a home farm, which comprises upon an average some four or five hundred acres, to English eyes appear immense, and of themselves lock up a great deal of capital; but they have to contain storage for every kind of grain and fodder for the long winter, no stacks of any kind, save those of threshed straw, being made out of doors, and they shelter besides about one hundred cows, some oxen, and sixteen or eighteen horses (farm and carriage included). Sheep are kept principally for home consumption, the rich lowlands of Denmark being less favorable to the growth of good mutton than of beef. The great threshing-barn towering above all is the most conspicuous object, and plays an important part in rustic festivals. In a well-planned homestead all the principal doors of these out-houses open only into the enclosure, so that ingress and egress are under easy supervision, and the whole presents a picturesque but most orderly

scene of rural life, since all that is objectionable is kept in the background, in marked contrast to our English farmyards.

The problem of the welfare of the agricultural laborer is solved in Denmark in a manner highly characteristic of the country. Until their marriage the laboring men are fed and lodged upon the farm where they work, and in one of the buildings just referred to are the dormitories for the *karle*,* of which upon such a farm there would be about twelve, besides the foreman; there too is the roomy kitchen, and the refectory, where these stalwart, hungry youths are fed; and particularly well fed too, partaking of no less than five good meals a day. At six in the morning their breakfast is served, consisting of huge slices of bread and butter—cut by a machine—with coffee, and a small glass of *snaps*, or corn brandy; on the island of Zealand this early meal is a kind of thick soup made of rye bread and beer, with which a salt herring is eaten. At noon dinner, which is soup, or porridge, followed by meat, or codfish, or pork, with vegetables and beer; at 4 P.M., bread and butter, cheese, beer, and more *snaps*, and finally, a supper of porridge with milk. Would that all our own farm hands fared as well! The foreman's wage amounts to two hundred kroner, or £11 2s. 6d. per annum, the ordinary *karle*'s to £8 6s. per annum; and as their main expense is their clothes, which being chiefly of durable homespun are not costly, they contrive as a rule to have considerable savings by the time they marry, and this they seldom do before the age of thirty. Men and women alike work in wooden sabots, and knitted hose, and only wear shoes for festive occasions, or for church on Sundays, since, happily for Denmark, the simplicity, for which some of us vainly sigh, still exists there, and undoubtedly adds to her wealth. The farm hands are hired by the half-year, and the whole system has hitherto worked to the mutual satisfaction of both laborer and employer; this, however, is greatly due to the fact that there exists a code of hiring-laws which provides an easy settlement of all disputes between master and man. Every servant, farm or domestic, is, under these laws, compelled to keep a book which is officially registered, and wherein are written all his or her certificates of character, each one of which is necessarily countersigned by the magistrate of the district

wherein the master or mistress resides. That such an act remains in full force in a country where the legislators are elected by manhood suffrage, must doubtless be regarded as a proof of much practical common sense in the nation. Should the servant laws be abolished, the landlords would adopt the English plan of erecting cottages for their laborers; but it can hardly be contended that the *karle* would benefit by such a change.

The Gaardmand's homestead is substantial, square, and thatched, the barns, stables, etc., are joined to it, forming together a quadrangular farmyard, with the entrance gate facing the dwelling. At the back is a garden, usually of about three-quarters of an acre, devoted to fruit, vegetables, and hops, with a few roses and gilly-flowers near the house door. A farmer working from sixty to eighty acres, will have upon his farm two *karles*, a boy, and two girls for the dairy; all of whom are helped in their work by their master and his family. Generally such a farmer keeps upon his land fifteen or more cows, four sheep, four horses, and two goats, for every farmer is a horse-breeder more or less. The poultry is his wife's care and perquisite, and forms a highly important item in her yearly budget. These farms, when owned by the yeoman, are generally speaking mortgaged for half their value, a fact to be attributed in most instances to the repeal of the law of primogeniture. At present the parent is permitted, if he pleases, to leave one-third of his property to his eldest son, a clause in the law of inheritance much appreciated and in general use. As the valuation for probate is extremely low, the eldest son generally raises a loan, wherewith to buy out his brothers and sisters with their consent, and the race being a practical one, endowed with generous instincts, this modified form of *partage forcé* does not appear as yet to produce the jealous feuds, or to work the evil it is known to do in other countries; though as indeed the system has not been long in force, it is perhaps rash to predict that it may effect no change for the worse during the lapse of a century. In cases where a loan is impossible owing to a previous mortgage, subdivision steps in, and in some instances has been repeated until the minimum area has been reached under the new law already referred to. Necessarily if the family be numerous, and all elect to retain their share in the land, they sink to the position of Husband and have to resort to a trade to eke out their livelihood. Should, however, a

* Farm hands (unmarried).

younger member of the family have had the good luck to have married the child of a wealthy Gaardmand, with a good dowry, then the newly married pair proceed to buy a small farm of about twenty-five acres, and become Parcelists, keeping two horses, and from five to eight cows. Class distinctions are clearly marked, and rigidly adhered to among the peasantry. Not so very long ago, it was argued from certain political platforms in the midlands, that the farm laborer who possessed three acres and a cow would no longer have the need to touch his hat to the squire. Judging from the Danish peasantry, however, a race fully as sturdy and independent as our own, it would appear that an increase in the number of owners of land does but augment the number of those who demand a respectful salutation from the laborer, whether he possesses a cow or not. Also as regards marriage, a Gaardmand's son marries almost invariably a Gaardmand's daughter. As a rule, inquiries are first made as to the portion of the coveted bride, and only when this is ascertained to be satisfactory is the union sanctioned. When so romantic an incident occurs as the marriage of a Gaardmand's son with a Husmand's daughter, all the peasant society of the district is put in a flutter, and the match is considered a grave *mésalliance*, not at all to be encouraged. The younger sons of Gaardmænd who have neither the prospect of a good inheritance, nor of a good match, usually learn a village trade, such as that of wheelwright or blacksmith; those with a better education and more enlightened may become village schoolmasters and village "vets," and sometimes, if they have a preference for horseflesh, they may take the position of coachman at the Herremænd's, though it is rare for the yeoman class to enter domestic service. Those who do so, like those who take to a trade, lose caste in a degree, and may freely choose their wives from the Husmands' daughters, but not so the veterinary, or schoolmaster, for whom such an act would be unpardonable.

A yeoman's wedding is an affair of some magnitude, and as an illustration of the mode of life that prevails amongst them, may be not unworthy of description. When on Sunday the parish priest—clad in the long black Lutheran gown, his throat encircled by the broad stiff ruff, unchanged in form since the seventeenth century—has read to the expectant congregation the banns of marriage for the

first time, then an "invitation man" is sent out. One of the Gaardmand's cottagers is chosen for this envied post, and, attired in his best, with his grandest pipe, he waits upon all the neighbors to present the invitation, a set formula, sometimes in verse, but which in any case he knows by heart, and which, whilst standing in each guest's doorway, he ponderously recites. Naturally after each recitation he is offered and accepts, as a matter of etiquette, a glass of snaps, so that by the time he has finished his calls he experiences some difficulty in proceeding homewards with proper dignity, particularly where the wedding is on a large scale, and it takes him two or three days to deliver all the invitations. All the Gaardmænd, Parcelists, and Husmænd of the village are invited, the Insidders alone are excluded, though the hands actually at work on the farm join the guests. From the rest of the parish, often comprising several villages, only the Gaardmænd are asked. The number of invitations vary according to the means of the bride's parents, but there are seldom less than fifty assembled, and often as many as one hundred and fifty, old and young. A day or two before the wedding the various guests send their gifts, not to the bride, but to her parents, consisting generally of contributions towards the expected feast, and, beyond participating in much revelry and good cheer, the bride and bridegroom do not personally benefit. One friend contributes, say, eight pounds of golden butter, piled high on a platter fringed with greenery; another a score or two of eggs or some chickens. A lamb, joints of beef, or a small cask of fine old October brew, follow in quick succession; and in this way the parents frequently receive more provender than can be consumed at the festivity, and their sole expense consists in the hiring of plates and dishes from the nearest stores in the town where the farmer sells his grain and buys his wife's groceries and ribbons. For months before the wedding the bride, with her mother and sisters, have been hard at work at the loom, spinning and weaving all the linen for the person, as well as for the house; which store, together with a couple of young horses, a couple of cows, and a pair of sheep, invariably forms part of her marriage portion. Bridal ornaments are not heirlooms as in Norway. The Danish peasant girl wears a simple crown of myrtle with her national costume—varying with the district, but always charming—and pots of myrtle are care-

fully cherished by girlish hands through the long winters in anticipation of the great event. Her sole heirloom is the great oaken dowry chest, heavily clamped and often finely carved, that holds her goodly store of linen. At eleven o'clock on the wedding morning all the guests meet at the house of the bride, driving up in carts, and when she is ready the long procession starts for the church, headed by two outriders, who are the "best men." Next follows a cart containing the band, three or four brass instruments, and that standing dish, the village fiddler. After them comes the cart containing the bride alone, both parents remaining at home to put the finishing touches to the festive board already spread. Behind the bride comes the bridegroom, also alone, driven by a karle. He sits in the middle of his vehicle in all the conscious glory of a new tall hat and a vast cloak with many capes, worn even in summer-time, much as the lord-mayor wears his robe as lending a dignity suitable to the solemnity and as a mark of distinction. Near the church children strew flowers, as well as near the bride's old home, where there is also an archway draped with flags. Returning from church the bride and bridegroom sit together, the band preceding them, heralding their approach with a *fanfare*.

The yeoman class in Denmark object to take life sadly, and every farmhouse of any size possesses a guest-chamber, built solely for the purpose of merry-makings, and used whenever an excuse for a dance or feast can be invented. Surely a sign of long prosperity and content! Here there is placed a long table of planks, supported on barrels, but covered with snowy drapery, almost hidden beneath the good cheer. The dinner will consist of soups, varied roasts, endless cakes, cheese, and the delicious *rödgröd*, a sweet made of barberries deluged in thick cream. The thirst consequent upon this substantial fare is assuaged by many beverages; first, the much-favored snaps, considered a fine tonic; old ale, cider, and mead; and finally a curious drink quaintly called "old wine," the chief merit of which must lie in the name, since it is but a mixture of rum, brown sugar, and water. With simple piety, when all are seated, a hymn is sung and a blessing asked, and then the repast begins in earnest, lasting for two or three hours, to be succeeded by dancing, which is carried on till dawn. All the proceedings are regulated by the strictest etiquette, which would be gravely infringed if the bride did not open the

ball with her eldest relative present, probably her grandfather, after which she dances in turn with each young man of distinction amongst the guests—a Husband's son need not dream of such an honor—and then follows a pretty custom. All the unmarried girls cluster round the bride, who is tightly blindfolded. Suddenly she flings her myrtle crown high in the air, and the lucky girl who catches it believes that she will surely be the next one wed. Of the many dances that follow, the reel—called *rigel*—is a great favorite, and is performed just as in Scotland, and with as much fervor. Formerly all the women wore their homespun dresses and quaint caps at these gatherings, but latterly, alas! the young girls have discarded these for lighter dresses, with flowers in the hair; and the national costumes are best seen at church on Sundays. At break of day the guests leave, to return at two P.M. refreshed and prepared for more festivity, repeating the programme the third day. Precisely the same kind of social gathering takes place at funerals and christenings, but on a more reduced scale; a subtle distinction, in fact, marks the festivity accompanying each event. At a christening the feasting lasts one day, at a funeral two days, but at a wedding it is carried on for three. In mirthfulness the finale of a funeral might be mistaken for a marriage. The coffin stands uncovered in the guest-chamber, where all the mourners are assembled. A hymn is sung and the clergyman delivers an address, and again the long procession forms for church. The funeral service over, each guest scatters earth into the grave, and then all drive back to the farm, where feasting and dancing immediately follow and sorrow is completely a thing of the past. To the cultured classes this easy philosophy, that can bury its grief with its dead, is naturally revolting, but it is excused by the fact that it dates back to pagan times, sung in the old Sagas, and, indeed, to the curious and learned in such lore there are endless survivals of the past to be traced in the customs of the peasantry.

Families of the Husband and Insider class dwell in cottages that, built with cross-beams, thatched, and whitewashed, look very English though a trifle bare. The porch is missing, and the visitor feels inclined to suggest it as a needful addition; the entrance door is always divided in two, so that the lower half may be kept shut against the deep snowdrifts of winter; the small, square-paned windows lack

equally the flowers and the diamond lattice that lend so much picturesqueness, and taken altogether the average English village is far more pleasing externally. Creeping plants seldom adorn the peasant's home, even ivy requiring protection for three years or so after planting. Inside, however, the Danish cottage, though not one whit more extensive, contrasts favorably with our own; it possesses more color, and, as a rule, is beautifully clean. Naturally the cottages vary in size; but among those inhabited by the married agricultural laborer, or *Insidder*, one of four rooms is large, and the majority have but two rooms and a loft. When the boys and girls of the cottager's family reach the age of thirteen or fourteen they are confirmed; but should they have been dunces, and so can neither read nor write properly, that ceremony is perforce postponed, which is considered a sad disgrace to those concerned. Education is free and compulsory and but seldom shirked, and the confirmation is an important epoch in the youthful life; once it is over, the lads and lasses all seek service at the *Herremand's* or *Gaardmand's* if they can; but wherever they go, they always manage to find employment somewhere altogether away from home, a healthy weeding-out process which necessarily renders the size of the house of less importance, and which also reduces the *Insidder* as a class. In the average cottage of two rooms, one is a kitchen where the family live and dine, and though it has but a stamped earthen floor, the deal table is so well scrubbed, the copper pans and crockery so well scoured, and the benches, painted red, are so gay, that the aspect is inviting. The wood fire burns upon a brick hearth raised a yard from the ground, and it is the *Insidder's* invariable privilege — not his right — to gather all his fuel from the dead wood of the neighboring forest; in wooded districts, therefore, and they are many, the cottagers all bake and brew; elsewhere they find it cheaper to buy both bread and beer. But it is not in the kitchen that the goodwife will receive her guests; for visits of ceremony they are ushered into the bedroom, and this chamber, in a family of any self-respect, is well fitted for the reception-room. The deal floor is scrubbed with sand to a polished white, the beds, gay with green striped cotton curtains, and a check coverlid with a deep flounce, are scrupulously neat, though they look extraordinarily short and very high, owing first to an ingenious habit of making all bedsteads telescope fashion, to

save room during the day; and secondly to the huge feather beds of the same size, but lighter than that beneath, which everywhere take the place of blankets. Ranged against the wall are two or more solid oak dowry chests, polished by the robust arms of many generations. They contain all the linen and other family treasures; the silver-buttoned waistcoats, the gay Sunday costumes, and the glories of the golden-crowned cap. In a corner solemnly ticks a tall old eight-day clock, which looks as though it might have come straight from Sussex. With the hospitality common to the soil, the goodwife at once offers refreshment in the form of milk or mead, for the latter old classic drink has yet retained all its former popularity in Denmark.

The rent of such a cottage as this varies from £2 to £2 5s. per annum, and generally has a garden plot attached. Its tenant usually finds work all the year round at the *Herremand's* or *Gaardmand's*, either of whom may be his landlord; his wages average eleven shillings weekly, except in harvest, when they are raised, and when, in addition, some of the universal good cheer falls to his share. Unlike the peasant woman of southern lands where the baleful *partage forcé* has had a century of existence, the *Insidder's* wife does no harder work than that of planting in her garden and attending to her house and children. If she be forced herself to gather fuel in the forest, it is a sign of poverty; usually she employs some poorer woman for that purpose, and busies her hands with some of the many domestic industries, for it is the peasant's aim to buy little and make much. The wife, therefore, knits all the socks and stockings, prepares the yarn for the village weaver — unless she has room for a handloom, the case with most *Husmænd* — when she makes all the homespun, and fashions her own and her children's clothes, as well as most of her husband's. In summer time she will help to make the new-mown hay, and assist besides in the harvesting. She is always a notable housewife, and fowls are kept invariably. They help to pay the rent, and often more besides. Upon the highway one meets the tiny child of four or five, fair-haired and blue-eyed, her mother in miniature as regards dress, from the close-fitting cap and large apron to the little sabots peeping out from under the long full petticoats. She is armed with a withy, and is there alone to guard the flock of poultry searching for a meal by the wayside, and which,

ever living on terms of close intimacy with the family, are well-conducted birds, easily amenable to discipline. In winter they are stowed away in all sorts of places, in the loft, or more often in hutches placed under the benches, which, painted bright red or vivid green, take the place of chairs in the cottages. It is chiefly from these and from the Gaardmænd's dwellings that the bagmen collect the enormous numbers of eggs exported, almost every day in the week, from the various Danish ports to London, Hull, and Newcastle; yet the house and garden room is fully as limited as in the majority of our own cottages, and Danish winters, besides, are longer and more severe. How long is this source of national revenue to lie with us comparatively unheeded and lost? Will none awaken our farmers and laborers to the wealth they persistently neglect? Why should not fowls' eggs be as profitable to them as to the Danes? and why should not an organized system of collecting eggs from every farm and hamlet be established as successfully in England as in Denmark? Although the Insidder and his family do not receive invitations to join the Gaardmand's festivities, and though their own weddings, naturally, are conducted upon a very different and more modest scale, still occasions are not lacking when it is necessary for the goodwife to don her best cap, decorated in some districts with the curious glittering crown of thin gold plate, and for her husband to don his best waistcoat, gay with a double row of handsome silver buttons. These articles of value were, if not inherited, purchased in the days when she worked as a dairy-maid and he as a karle on some farm, and not until each had saved enough to furnish a cottage according to their station did they dream of marrying.

At the Herremænd's, all the dairymaids in the evening, when their work is over, assemble in the *spinde stue*, or spinning-room, under the care of the *meierske*, or woman at the head of the dairy, who is responsible that all goes well, alike with the butter and its makers. Here they spin and weave the goodly store of linen which will probably last them the term of their busy, thrifty lives. At harvest-time, on the larger farms, there are grand festivities among the farm hands, much feasting and dancing in an empty barn, which is decked with greenery and wheat ears, whilst hoops festooned and slung from the rafters serve as candelabra. The village band is stationed at one end upon an improvised platform, and is expected to

play lustily, and then it is that the company is reinforced by the Insidder and his family, who also benefits at Christmas time by the customary gifts from the manor house.

Village industries are fostered in Denmark, where the practice of turning out everything wholesale by machinery is not yet general. The Husmand, therefore, can follow many trades, and work his holding at the same time. Still, in spite of comparative prosperity, the Husmand presents another example of the difficulty with which the small peasant proprietor can compete with the larger farmer in agricultural products. From statistics collected by the Royal Danish Agricultural Society we learn that the average yield of a Danish cow is from twenty-five to thirty quarts per diem, but the same statistics show the average yield of the Husmænd's cows to be but from fifteen to twenty quarts. Denmark of course does not enjoy immunity from poverty any more than other countries, and each district has its workhouse; but partly owing doubtless to the fact of small communities presenting naturally fewer complications in their social difficulties, and partly because of long generations of prosperous agriculture, the proportion of pauperism in relation to the population is small.

The dialect of Jutland and that of the north of England is so much alike, that it is not uncommon for the Jutland farmer to accompany his cattle in the steamer to Newcastle, and there strike a bargain with the north-country dealer without an intermediary, each addressing the other in his own tongue and being understood. Old-fashioned in the simplicity of his life the Danish farmer of every class surely is, but unenterprising, unintelligent, and uninstructed he is not, and hence a prosperity, with the causes of which it might be well if our English farmers would make themselves acquainted.

FRANCES MARY DE BORRING.

From Longman's Magazine.

ETON: 1836 TO 1841.

I WENT to Eton in September, 1836, when I was twelve years old. I boarded at Mrs. Horsford's, and Coleridge was my tutor. Dr. Hawtrey was head-master, and Dr. Goodall was provost. The old school was prospering and the number of the boys annually increasing under Hawtrey's bland administration.

Half a century afterwards — *i.e.*, in 1887 — I had occasion to go to Eton to see a grandson, and by good luck a friend of his took me to have a look at my old room at my dame's. Fifty years may have made a considerable change in me, but time seemed to have had scarcely any effect on the appearance of the little room. There were the old upright iron window-bars, through which I could just squeeze my head as a boy. The familiar press-bed, on which I had slept for five years, was in its old place. There was a new bureau — every boy at Eton has a bureau — but the new bureau was the facsimile of my old one. There was the painted cupboard in which we kept our crockery and knives and forks and jampots. A projecting green curtain concealed the washhand-stand, as it did in olden times. The wooden chair was of the same make and pattern as it had been of yore. And there was the very identical oak table, on which Lord Seaham had carved his name several years before it descended to my use.

It may readily be believed that the sight of the old room awakened long-dormant memories; and the faces and figures of many of the boys who had been my companions fifty years ago seemed to rise up before my eyes. It is said that old people remember the events of their younger days more clearly than those of middle life. Having arrived at that time of life which Lord Beaconsfield called "anecdote," I venture to recount a few old stories and reminiscences of what happened at Eton "in my time," as we call it. My contemporaries are becoming fewer every year and I hope that those among them whose names are mentioned will not be offended at my taking the liberty to write of them.

How well I remember the first evening of my career at Eton! I had gone to school about a fortnight later than the other boys, and was specially commended to the care of the captain of my dame's, the great William Rogers, now rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, whose "Reminiscences" have lately been published. I had tea with my dame, a handsome old lady, who, with her two kindly daughters, managed the house. A maidservant had then shown me to my room, and helped in unpacking my clothes and books; and I was feeling rather proud, as monarch of all I surveyed, with a blazing fire to warm me, when there came a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of a small boy, rather bigger than me, who introduced himself as "Three-fingered Jack" (owing

to an injury to one of his hands), and proceeded to catechise me as to my name and age and tutor and place in school, and the amount of my pocket-money, and my preference for dry-bobbing or wet-bobbing. We soon became confidential, and he then told me something about himself, with some little embroidery of his facts, as I afterwards learnt. He had been three years at Eton, and was now in the lower remove, in which I had been placed. He therefore proposed that we should mess together at breakfast and tea, and do our school-work together — a little scheme that suited him admirably, as it meant that I was to prepare the lessons for him and do most of his verses. I was, however, rather a gainer by this compact, for he gave me some of the benefit of his experience; and as he was "in the lower boats," in which lower boys were then allowed to row, he had a certain sort of *prestige* amongst other boys, which made me glad to have him as a friend.

Not very long after Three fingered Jack had left me, another little fellow came to say that the captain of my dame's wanted to see me, and he took me to a room where I found all the big fellows in the house assembled. Some of them were very big, to my juvenile apprehension; "Fat Rogers," as he was then called, being no chicken, whilst poor "Baby Frere," who was afterwards drowned at Cambridge, was even bigger than Rogers. There were some eight or ten others, and among them the two Johnsons, very clever boys, one of whom is now known as Canon Furse, of Westminster, whilst the younger brother, who subsequently became a colleger, was the celebrated Billy Johnson, one of the undermasters of Eton for many years. I was again catechised on many points personal to myself, and some mild attempts were made to "green me," as boys call it. A nickname was suggested for me as "Young Waterloo," because there was a market-gardener of my name, whose cart used to stop before my dame's door; and he, having fought at Waterloo, was accustomed to tell tales about the great battle, and was called "Old Waterloo." My services as a fag were allotted to Fat Rogers, who was a kind and considerate master, and he gave me the "liberties" and "his name." If I remember rightly, the "liberties" gave an immunity from all fagging for the first ten days; whilst the "name" was a valuable permanent protection, as a lower boy, when called on by another fellow to fag for him, was at liberty to excuse himself by pleading that

he was fagging for the boy whose "name" had been given him.

There were only three or four lower boys in my dame's house, so that a new fag was an acquisition. Fat Rogers was in the sixth form and in the upper boats, and he messed with some other big fellows, whose appetites required to be appeased by beefsteaks and chops and sausages and chocolate at breakfast. It was almost a daily task to go and fetch a dish of beefsteaks from the Christopher, which was handy to my dame's, and I believe they were the best beefsteaks in the world. I and another fag named Jodrell (long since dead) used to take it in turns to make the chocolate. One day, soon after my arrival, the chocolate-pot was upset on the fire, and the question arose who was to get a fresh supply of milk for our masters. Jodrell was an older and taller but slighter boy than I, and he insisted on my buying the milk; and when words failed, he tried to coerce me. We fought, and he fell with a terrible black eye, and it became his lot to go and buy the fresh supply of milk. When our masters came in they found their breakfast all ready, and dismissed their fags without noticing Jodrell's eye.

But I was to hear more about it afterwards. That evening, after lock-up, a boy named Temple (the present Duke of Buckingham) came over from Cookesley, Jodrell's tutor, to say that he wanted to speak to me. On our way to Cookesley's, Temple (who seemed to me then quite a big fellow, though he is now not much above my shoulder) amused himself by informing me that Cookesley was going to have me swished for hitting Jodrell, which seemed to me very unfair, seeing that he began the fight. We arrived at Cookesley's pupil-room and found him busy correcting verses. Presently he looked up and said, "Who's this?" Temple answered, "This is the boy who gave Jodrell a black eye." "What's your name?" asked Cookesley; and on hearing my name he jumped up and shook my hand, and said, "Mrs. Cookesley knows your father. Temple, take him up to have tea with you and Mrs. Cookesley in the drawing-room." Nothing more was heard about the black eye or the swishing; and Cookesley and his wife were ever afterwards very kind to me, and always asked me to breakfast every half.

The idea of fagging or being fagged is a sort of bugbear with some modern philosophers. I look back to it with pleasure. It taught us to obey before we be-

gan to command. We had no unpleasant services to perform, such as the blacking of boots or the cleaning of lamps. But we learnt to brew tea and coffee and chocolate, and to make toast, and to butter muffins, and to boil eggs; none of which arts we should ever have been taught otherwise, and the knowledge thus acquired has been of lifelong use. Nor was this all. We used to have Dutch ovens and small gridirons, with which we cooked, at our own fires, sausages and chops and tiny beefsteaks and poached eggs. I hear that cooking utensils are not allowed now in a boy's room. More's the pity! for this slight knowledge of cookery has often helped me and my comrades in foreign parts. There was occasionally a silly, arbitrary exercise of fagging power, when a little fellow was told to go up town to some shop to buy sixpennyworth of straight-hooks or a pint of pigeon's milk; which latter commission usually caused dire offence to the damsel at the shop where the pigeon's milk was demanded. There were two kinds of fagging which young oppidans disliked. The big collegers used to have private rooms over the shops in the Eton street, on and beyond Barnes's pool bridge. From their windows they would hail a lower boy and fag him to go into college to fetch a book or one of their greasy black gowns, which we all detested. But it was worst of all to be fagged to fill basins for the collegers in long chamber. There were, I think, about sixty boys in college, who were locked up at night in the long chamber where they all slept. There was a long and strong table about the middle of the chamber, on which were some twenty large white basins for the collegers to wash in by turns. The basins could only be replenished from the pump, out of doors, in Weston's yard; and the little collegers, who were themselves fags, used to try to catch small oppidans to help them empty and fill the basins. There was another kind of fagging in long chamber which was not so bad. A little before election Saturday it was the custom to clean and polish the oak floor of long chamber. For this purpose oppidan fags were caught, and whilst one of them was seated on a horse-rug, or coarse blanket taken from a collegers' bed, the others dragged him up and down the floor, so that the weight of his little person polished the boards. Collegers were always called tugs in my time. Tug was supposed to be short for tug-mutton, as they were then allowed by the college statutes to have no meat but

mutton. I find that oppidans and collegers still continue to dislike one another, and it is my belief that the cause of offence lies chiefly in the stupid black cloth gowns which collegers have to wear. It is, however, to be admitted that it is chiefly the small oppidans who hate the tugs. When an oppidan grows up, and rises towards the top of the school, he usually finds out that some of the tugs are very excellent fellows, and quite as good as his oppidan friends. Nevertheless, in after life it is seldom that an old collegier, in talking about Eton, avows the fact that he was in college, unless he is aware that it is known to his companion.

Boys who boarded at a dame's house had to go to their tutor's for pupil-room and private, which terms meant the special work done with their tutor. Some boys had private tutors to look exclusively after them. At my dame's there were three young noblemen, each with a private tutor and separate suite of rooms. One of these was Worcester, the present Duke of Beaufort. He was perhaps absolutely the most handsome boy in the school, though some might have voted for Sir Henry de Bathe. Worcester was my tutor's pupil, and we used daily to go to pupil-room together; but at my dame's house he spent his time chiefly in his private tutor's rooms, though he had his meals with the other boys. Mountcharles, the late Marquis of Conyngham, also had a private tutor. He was a great favorite and a very good looking boy, but in a different style from Worcester. One Sunday afternoon, when the queen was walking with her royal party and attendants on the east terrace of Windsor Castle, her quick eye observed Mountcharles in the crowd of people (of whom many were Eton boys) looking on from the gardens below the terrace, and an equerry came and summoned him up, much blushing, to be introduced to the queen. Nelson, the present Earl Nelson, was the third boy with a private tutor. He was rather a retired little fellow, and used to play with his hoop in my dame's garden instead of joining in our ordinary games.

My tutor was Coleridge, the late Rev. Edward Coleridge, one of the most handsome men of his day, and the most genial and hard-working of tutors. Not long ago Goldwin Smith, in writing of him, described him as the Arnold of Eton. Goldwin Smith was one of his pupils, and I shall have something more to say about him presently. There can be no doubt that Coleridge's pupils were very success-

ful, and had for some years almost a monopoly of the Newcastle scholarship and medal, which were then the chief prizes of the school. Probably many of the pupils were clever boys, but they owed a great deal of their scholastic success to their tutor's excellent teaching. The power of teaching is a personal gift, and its exercise needs consummate skill and patience and insight into character. A great part of an Eton tutor's work is sheer drudgery. The correction of Latin prose and verses is very dreary, and it is seldom that any schoolboy composition is sufficiently well and cleverly written to relieve the monotony of much mediocrity. But Coleridge never spared himself in this labor. I remember well going to him one evening to have my first copy of Greek iambs looked over. There were piles of other exercises on his table. But when I came in he, as usual, greeted me kindly, and took up my verses. Then he groaned. He had read the first line, and found two grave faults in it, to my horror. For let me confess that this first line was copied bodily from some Greek iambs done at Rugby, where this line had passed muster more than once before Prince Lee, and, I believe, Dr. Arnold. My tutor promptly tinkered and amended it, and I fear spent much time in correcting the many other mistakes that he found. But instead of blaming me for thus occupying his time he encouraged me to do better; and I resolved to do better another time rather than subject him again to such a weary trial of his patience and kindness.

We met my tutor almost daily in pupil-room, when his pupils all assembled, according to their classes, to get a "construe" of the lesson, in Latin or Greek, which they would presently do before their form-master in school. By a happy arrangement the whole school, from the sixth form down to the end of the fifth form, did the same lessons in Homer, Horace, Virgil, etc. This seemingly absurd system had its advantages in this way, for in pupil-room it enabled a tutor to instruct all his upper-school pupils as one class. When we were in pupil-room he would usually put on one of his best pupils to construe for us. I can well remember the clear, silvery voice of John Duke Coleridge, now chief justice of England, who translated admirably; but his uncle now and again caught him tripping, and tried to check the tendency to conceit which seemed to make him fancy himself infallible. Hotham, the late dean of Trinity, Cambridge, was an excellent scholar, but

a peculiar thickness of his voice made it difficult to hear what he said. The greatest favorite with us was Seymour, who was Newcastle scholar in the year after Hotham won that distinction. In the words of Homer, "he had a voice sweeter than honey." But he was cut off early in life before he could make a name in the world. As the construing went on my tutor occasionally asked questions of the rank and file among us, or drew attention to interesting points which would probably be noticed by the master to whom we were up in school. When we subsequently went into school, in our different classes, we met the pupils of the other tutors who had had a similar construe and instruction in their tutors' pupil-rooms. So that the form-master, in the course of the lesson, occasionally came upon conflicting versions of the text, and it did not always happen that when a boy pleaded that "my tutor said it was so" the form-master condescended to accept the authority offered.

I had been placed in the lower remove before Christmas, and we all found ourselves promoted without any examination into the upper remove after Christmas. There were only two recognized divisions of the year then, so it came to our turn to be examined in trials before midsummer, to settle our places in our class before we got into the fifth form. This was the only school examination to which I was subjected during five years at Eton; at the end of which time I had drifted up to the sixth form, and was third highest oppidan in the school. There were no other trials or collections or compulsory examinations of any sort after reaching the happy haven of the lower fifth form. Competition for the Newcastle scholarship was voluntary. A boy could get "sent up for good" for a good copy of verses if the form-master to whom he was up was satisfied with them. This copy of verses was subsequently read out in the upper school by the head-master before the whole school, assembled to hear the performance. There were usually several exercises sent up for good, to be read out one after the other; and the author of each exercise had to take his stand by the side of the head-master, which was considered to be rather a trying ordeal. On the other hand, to be sent up for good had its compensations, for it was the rule at my dame's to give a sovereign to a boy each time he was sent up, though it must be mentioned that the sovereign was put down in the bill for the parents to pay at the end of the half. In the school list

certain distinguishing marks or figures were put against the name of a boy after he had been sent up for good three times. In those days prizes and decorations were given as sparingly to Eton boys as they were to the officers and men of the British army; and I venture to say that both schoolboys and soldiers did their duty as well as they do it now, simply because it was their duty.

Our lessons in school were not long or difficult or numerous. I may be wrong in some details, but my impression is that they were much as follows in the fifth form. At 8 A.M. there was a repetition lesson, usually about thirty lines of Latin, with sixty lines of Homer once a week. As soon as a boy had said his half of the thirty or sixty lines he was at liberty to go home to his room. The next school was at 11.15 and lasted till 11.45, the lesson being that portion of Greek or Latin of which a "construe" had been got in tutor's pupil-room some time before 11. We met again at 3.15 for a lesson in Latin or Greek, which lasted till 3.45; and the final school was at 5.15, lasting till 5.45. Some people may wonder at the shortness of the school-hours, but it must be remembered that the lessons for a boy cannot be very long — say forty or fifty lines of verse, or three or four pages of prose. When these had been once translated, parsed, and commented on by the clever boys at the head of the class, who were usually called up by the form-master, he could only go through the performance a second time by calling up some of the duller boys, or idle fellows who had not troubled themselves to look at the lesson, or even to listen, whilst it had been construed in their presence. Imagine the feelings of a good scholar (which most of the Eton masters were) at hearing beautiful passages mauled and misinterpreted by reckless schoolboys, for whom the peril of being "put in the bill," as a punishment for their ignorance or idleness, had few terrors. So doubtless the master and the boys were equally well pleased when the quarter before the hour struck, and the class could be let out of school.

But those whose names had been put in the bill did not usually leave the school-room with their fellows. When the delinquent's name had been put in the bill by the form-master, the bill (a long slip of paper) was carried off by a boy, styled a præpostor, to the head-master; and after a short interval the præpostor would put his head into the class-room again and call out, "Juggins to stay." So when the

other boys left the school it was for Juggins to make his way to the room where the head-master would be found, with the birch and the block and the attendant schoolboy lictors to secure the culprit whilst undergoing punishment. It was always more pleasant for Juggins if another boy in his class was condemned at the same time, as there is a bond of sympathy in the anticipation of joint suffering, very different from the sympathy of those friends who stay voluntarily to witness the infliction of the punishment. It might happen that Juggins would have to wait till the head-master was ready, and it would be some relief to his mind to see small deputations arriving from the other schoolrooms of boys who were about to share his fate. I have to confess with regret that I was never flogged at Eton, though I ought to have been, as I may presently tell. But flogging was out of fashion under the *régime* of dear old Hawtrey, and I am almost certain that he would have been very glad to have dispensed with it altogether, except in extreme cases of delinquency. It seemed to me that on ordinary occasions he administered the rod with a gentle and perfunctory touch. But he could hit hard enough if he pleased. There was a painful occasion when two boys, who had been guilty of cruelly bullying a little fellow, were sentenced to be flogged—"twelve cuts and two birches each"—in the presence of the whole school. Hawtrey laid it on with a will, and applied the second birches with renewed vigor, so that the miserable delinquents howled as piteously as such bullies can do when the tables are turned upon them.

There were many offences for which flogging was regarded as the proper punishment at Eton. No one seemed to regard flogging as an indignity in itself, but the question was as to the correct number of cuts which should be given for a particular offence. It seems rather absurd, but it was a well-known rule, that if a boy did not shirk a master when out of bounds he was liable to be flogged with five cuts. I may be permitted to tell a short story on this point. Two of my tutor's best pupils, Henry Hallam (who died young) and Goldwin Smith, had been capping Latin verses to one another as they walked along the Slough road, when they found themselves suddenly face to face with old Cookesley. It was too late to shirk. Cookesley asked their names and their tutor's name, and promised them the usual entertainment for the morrow. The two

boys returned sadly to their tutor's and told the news to their companions. I fear that though both of them were very clever, they were rather priggish lads, and their companions were inclined to make some fun of them. There was a sort of feud or rivalry between Coleridge's pupils and Cookesley's pupils, and some of the boys had an absurd idea that Coleridge hated Cookesley, and that Cookesley would do anything to spite Coleridge. So this belief was strongly impressed on poor Hallam and Smith, and they were warned that no intercession was likely to be of any avail to save them from the impending punishment. They were also told that "first fault" could not be pleaded in an offence against a master of the school. But if they must submit to their fate, they might also prepare themselves to meet it. A big boy, of much experience in being flogged, explained to them that if a confection of oil and lampblack were well rubbed in on that part of the human frame on which the birch would fall, and then soundly patted with a shovel, the skin would be hardened and the sensation deadened, so that they would not feel any pain. Up to a late hour of the night Hallam and Smith anointed one another in the manner prescribed, and applied the shovel as freely and forcibly as they dared. The next morning the process was renewed, and they went in to eleven o'clock school, pale, but determined to meet their fate bravely. All through the time of school they waited and listened anxiously, expecting a præpostor to put in his head and call out, "Hallam and Smith to stay." But no such invitation ever came. As a fact, Cookesley had forgotten all about the two boys by the time he got home, and never reported them to the head-master. But my tutor's pupils christened poor Hallam "Oily Hallam," and Smith "Shovel Smith;" and they bore their nicknames for a long time at Eton, though perhaps they were not aware of it themselves.

I have mentioned above that I ought to have been flogged, but escaped the merited punishment. One afternoon I went to the room of a boy at my dame's, who had a beautiful little steel crossbow, and a plentiful supply of leaden bullets about the size of a large pea. We opened the window and began firing at the chimney-pots on the top of a house about fifty yards distant. It took rather a good shot to hit the mark, and we were wrapped up in our exciting sport when the door of the room suddenly opened, and in walked my

dame. We were caught red-handed, and without excuse. In the first place, steel crossbows were prohibited weapons. But that was not all. In firing at the chimneys we had forgotten that there were other houses on beyond, and almost every bullet which missed its mark had found its way into the nursery windows of a respectable tradesman, and had endangered the life of his wife and children. This tradesman had run round to complain to my dame of the bombardment of his nursery, and she had promptly pounced upon us. She seized and confiscated the crossbow and bullets, and said, "For two pins I'll complain of you, and have you well flogged to-morrow." We had not a word to say for ourselves, and we knew that we had deserved our fate, as much for our offence as for having let ourselves be found out. It seems to me that flogging was an appropriate punishment for such a breach of discipline and reckless mischief on the part of a big boy, for this incident occurred after I had been at least two years at Eton. But something occurred to appease my dame's wrath. It was said that she never did actually complain when she used her favorite expression of "For two pins I'll complain of you." I do not know why she let us off, unless it may be that she had a personal liking for the two offenders, and did not wish that her favorite boys should be punished. At all events, she did not complain of us. The persons who had most reason to complain were our parents, for the compensation paid to the tradesman and the cost of mending his broken windows was a considerable sum, and the amount was put down in the half-yearly school-bill, to be paid by our parents instead of being mulcted from our pocket-money.

I hope that nothing that has now been written may be taken to be in disparagement of Eton. Whatever defects there may have been in the Eton system, there were great merits in it, which amply redeemed them. I have known a good deal about the other great public schools, and have had sons and nephews and other relations at them; but in no other school is such free scope given for the growth of mind and intellectual activity as at Eton. It must be remembered that a large proportion of the boys who go to Eton have no intention of becoming good classical or mathematical scholars; but they have to be trained to be men, and not to forget that they are gentlemen. For those boys who wish to work and to attain classical distinction, the privacy of their separate

rooms affords them a safe and convenient place of study; and if the hours of lessons done in school are comparatively short, it leaves all the more time to the boy, who in the quietude of his own room can devote himself to such books as please him; and he will almost invariably find an able and friendly adviser in his tutor.

C. T. BUCKLAND.

From Time.

SCRATCHED OUT.

BY W. H. STACPOOLE,

AUTHOR OF "HERR RICHTER'S STRANGE EXPERIMENT."

DURING the earlier years of the present century the Russian nobles ruled their households with a high hand. Accordingly, when the Dowager Countess Cheraski found that her only son Ivan, a young man of about twenty, was engaged to marry a beautiful serf on his estates, she forthwith banished him to France, and ordered the girl to whom he was engaged to marry another serf immediately. As her commands had to be obeyed, poor Sophia Uschakoff, for that was the girl's name, went with her father, some six days after the count's departure, to the chapel where the marriage service was to be performed. There were present, besides her father and herself, Michael Tokhtamish (the bridegroom), his father, and the priest, an old man who was upwards of seventy years of age. The service had scarcely commenced when the door of the little chapel opened, and Ivan Cheraski, the young count, entered with a revolver in his hand.

"You thought I was out of the country," he said, "but not so. I have been biding my time not far away from here. I knew all about the infamous attempt to marry my betrothed to this clown, and I have come to prevent it. Everything is ready—the priest, the altar, and the bride. So, my good father, you will please marry me to Sophia Uschakoff at once, or you and Michael Tokhtamish shall die before five minutes are over."

I do not know what would have happened if the priest had refused to obey the count's order. As I have said, Russian nobles used to be, and very likely still are, rather high-handed, especially in dealing with their dependants. At all events, Ivan Cheraski was a nobleman armed with a revolver, Michael Tokhtamish was only a serf who might have

been shot for the fun of the thing, while the priest was a very infirm old man, and bound, moreover, by his religion to discountenance bloodshed. So the serf stood aside, the nobleman took his place, the priest performed the service, and in a few minutes Ivan Cheraski and Sophia Uschakoff were man and wife. The service over, the company entered the vestry-room, where the priest proceeded to enter the particulars relating to the marriage in the registry book.

Now I must pause here to inform the reader that in Russia it was the custom for the priest, and not the parties who were married, to sign the names of the bride and bridegroom in the marriage register. Alexander Troubetskoi, the priest, was placed, as the saying is, between two fires. If he had not obeyed the count's orders he would have been shot. On the other hand, if the countess dowager found out what he had done, something else as bad, or worse, would probably happen. To escape from the dilemma he entered in the register Michael Tokhtamish instead of Ivan Cheraski as the name of the bridegroom. The parties who were interested did not observe the substitution. The register was restored to its place, and the Count and Countess Cheraski left secretly for Paris that evening.

For five years they lived very happily in France, and then the count died, leaving the countess a widow with two children. His mother had died about a year before, and Troubetskoi expired shortly after they left the village of Narovel, where the marriage took place. On the death of her husband the countess went to the province of Minsk in Russia, to claim his estates on behalf of herself and his children. The claim was opposed by his family, who produced the register which bore evidence of her marriage, not with Ivan Cheraski but with Michael Tokhtamish. There seemed, then, to be no use in resorting to legal proceedings, as the evidence of the witnesses to the marriage, who were all serfs, would be worthless against the evidence of the marriage register. Accordingly the countess, as she was *de jure*, if not *de facto*, returned to France. Partly by the sale of her jewelry, and partly owing to her husband having invested some money in their joint names in French three per cent. *rentes*, she had a little more than £2,000, and with this capital she opened a sort of boarding-house in Paris. Here she had been living for about two years, when a young Englishman named Edwin Marston

came to stop at her establishment for a few days. Up to the present I have not said anything about the character or appearance of the Countess Cheraski, because, so far, I have merely been reciting a number of facts which are necessary to enable the reader to understand the curious tale that we are approaching. That she was either pretty, or handsome, or beautiful, in some sense or other, the reader will probably anticipate from the fact of the count having fallen in love with her. If I mention that she was tall, with dark hair, and aquiline features, all who are interested in the matter can fill up the rest of her portrait to suit their own tastes. In character she must have been of a rather trustful disposition, as will, I think, appear from her conduct to Mr. Marston. He was her senior by about two years, and had been practising as a surgeon and physician for some time in a very poor district in the East End of London. When he first came to her house he did not intend to remain many days in Paris, but his stay was prolonged for one reason or another over a space of about three weeks, during which time he and the countess had contracted a very sincere friendship for each other. Finally, on the night before he left, she told him her history, and asked him if he could see any way in which she could establish the rights of herself and her children.

"Not at present," said Mr. Marston, when he had listened attentively to her story; "but I shall think the matter over. One sometimes, after reflection, gets ideas that would never come from mere ratiocination, though it is ratiocination which afterwards makes them practical,—ideas that seem at first to have no bearing on the subject of thought, while in reality they contain its full explanation. I am not very hopeful of being able to give you any advice that would be of use to you in this case; but I shall try, if possible, to think of something that may guide you."

The next day Mr. Marston left for London, having bade the countess a cordial farewell, and promised to write to her at once if any idea should occur to him with regard to the recovery of her title and estates.

More than a month passed away, during which she did not hear from him, and, consequently, was beginning to think that he had probably forgotten all about her, or he would have written, when one evening the servant came up-stairs to say that Mr. Marston was in the parlor on the ground floor, and would like to see her.

"I have been thinking ever since I left you," he said, when they had greeted each other, "of the extraordinary history you told me. And I think now that I see my way to overcome your difficulties. But you will have to exercise great patience. It will take me probably a year, perhaps more, to carry out my plans. I shall have to go to Russia and live in the village of Narovel, and I shall want at least £400 at once, and probably another £400 in the course of about six months. In the mean time you must be content not to ask me any questions, and to remain in perfect ignorance of what I am doing. My word is the only guarantee you can have that I shall be honestly doing my best on your behalf."

"It is sufficient," said the countess. "You shall have the money. When can you start?"

"To-morrow," was the answer.

Accordingly next day Mr. Marston started for Narovel, which is a village in the province of Minsk, in western Russia. Here he took up his abode in the guise of a well-to-do Englishman, who wished to make himself acquainted with the language and institutions of the country, and who had no objection to spend his money pretty freely. He was a good shot, was fond of riding, and, apart altogether from the necessity of acting a part which was involved by the business he had on hand, he was a really jovial and pleasant companion. The consequence was that he soon became a favorite with everybody in the district. The men liked him because he was a capital sportsman, and could take his bottle with the best of them; the women because he was a good-looking foreigner, who was always paying them such compliments as circumstances permitted, and who was very fond of children. Amongst others with whom he shortly became very intimately acquainted was the new priest, a young man named Nicholas Kohl. Kohl acted, as priests very often do in Russia, the part both of priest and physician to the district. And since Marston was able to give him a great deal of valuable advice and assistance, they soon became fast friends.

One day, about five months after he came to Narovel, he went with Kohl into the vestry-room of the chapel where the countess was married. He had been in this room frequently before, and knew exactly where the book in which her marriage was registered lay amongst some others in a sort of cupboard. Already he had, on the pretence of comparing the

Russian system with the English, examined several registers of births, deaths, and marriages, so that he was familiar with the forms, and on looking at a book of such registers could easily find any particular one that he might be in quest of. As yet, however, he had had no opportunity of examining the book which contained the record of the marriage of the countess. Now what he had been scheming for during the past five months was to get this book secretly into his possession for about half an hour. Already he had formed a number of plans for getting half an hour alone in the vestry-room, but these he had discarded one by one as being unsuitable. At last, as often happens in such cases, an accident gave him the opportunity he sought. On the occasion in question they were going for a long walk, and had only gone into the vestry-room to leave a parcel which the priest had in his hand. Scarcely, however, had they entered the room when they were followed by a little girl who had seen them go into the chapel. She had been to the priest's house to look for him, as her mother, who was very ill, wished to see him for a few minutes.

"I shall wait here for you," said Marston, speaking to Kohl in French, when he understood what the little girl's errand was. "I can read till you come back." There were some French and Latin books in the room.

"Very well," said Kohl; "it's only a few minutes' walk from here. I shall not be more than half an hour."

When the girl and priest had left the chapel, Marston took out of the cupboard the volume that contained the register of the countess's marriage, and turned over the pages till he came to the entry he was in search of. Yes, there, in black and white, was the record of the marriage of Sophia Uschakoff with Michael Tokhtamish. Mr. Marston looked at the register intently for a minute or two, during which time he turned rather pale. Then he got up and looked out of the vestry-room to see that there was nobody in the chapel. Having satisfied himself that he was quite alone, he sat down again and examined the characters in which the name of Michael Tokhtamish was written with the greatest care for about a minute. Finally, he took out of his pocket a penknife, a bottle of ink, and a pen, which he had always carried about with him in anticipation of an opportunity like the present. With the penknife he carefully erased the name of Michael Tokhtamish. It took

him about three minutes to do this, so anxious was he to do the work neatly, and not to leave a trace of the letters he was removing from the register. When he had succeeded to his liking he put the penknife in his pocket again, and having carefully examined the pen to see that the nib was in order, he proceeded to write over the erasure the name of —

Let me first ask if the reader has guessed whose name it was that Mr. Marston wrote over the name he had been at such pains to erase? Some people of whom I have asked the question have guessed that he wrote his own name. But why so? On a subsequent occasion he did write his own name in a marriage register after Sophia Cheraski had written hers. But on the present occasion he could not have gained anything by so doing. And the same objection will apply to his writing most other names over the erasure.

No. Having most carefully erased the name of Michael Tokhtamish, he proceeded with the very greatest care to write the name of Michael Tokhtamish, as nearly as possible in the same place and characters that it had stood in before. When he had done this to his satisfaction, he let the ink dry, and then restored the book to its place. Kohl came back presently, and they went for their long walk.

About three weeks afterwards Mr. Marston found that he had business which necessitated his leaving for England, and, very much to the regret of the inhabitants of Narovel, he departed. From Russia he went straight to Paris, where he called upon the Countess Cheraski, with whom he had held no communication whatever during the whole time he was living at Narovel.

"You have placed implicit confidence in me," he said, "and you will find that it has not been abused. I have told you before that you must not ask any questions; and I tell you so again. You must do exactly as I direct you without asking why. Commence proceedings at once for the restoration of your title and estates. And mark me, when the register is produced, insist on having every word that relates to your marriage most carefully examined. Do exactly as I tell you, and you will find that the result will be satisfactory. And now, good-bye. I must get back to London to see if I cannot get my patients again."

The countess did as he told her to do. She commenced an action on behalf of

herself and her children for the restoration of the title and estates. The register of her marriage was produced, but when it was examined it was found that the name of Michael Tokhtamish was written over an erasure. This destroyed the value of the register as evidence of a marriage between Sophia Uschakoff and Michael Tokhtamish. The natural presumption, in fact, the moral certainty was that somebody else's name had been erased from the place where the name of Michael Tokhtamish was written, and further, that the somebody else was the man who married Sophia Uschakoff. Under these circumstances the evidence of Michael Tokhtamish himself, and the two other witnesses who were present at the marriage, together with the evidence of a number of French witnesses, that the late count had lived with her for years as man and wife, was held to establish fully the claims of the countess and her children to be the lawful wife and issue of the late Ivan Cheraski. Tokhtamish, I may mention, gave his evidence very willingly, as it was perfectly certain that the countess would never marry him, and he could not marry anybody else while she was supposed to be his wife.

On the morality of the transaction I pronounce no opinion, and abandon that problem to such casuists as may be still extant.

The countess left Russia shortly after she had gained her lawsuit, and was married about a year afterwards to Edwin Marston, who, partly through his own abilities, and partly with the assistance of her fortune, became one of the leading physicians in London.

From Chambers' Journal.

DOWN GOYDEN POT.

AN article appeared in *Chambers' Journal* for October 18, 1886, entitled "Cave-hunting in Yorkshire," where reference was made to a series of caverns and subterranean watercourses which honeycomb the limestone hills at the head of Nidderdale, and especially to a curious natural tunnel in which the river Nidd flows for nearly three miles, known as Goyden Pot. No one has ever succeeded in following the stream from where it disappears under Beggarmote Scaur to the point at which it appears again from out of the hillside just under the vicarage below Lofthouse; at least there is no record

of such a feat, though tradition tells of a duck which once made the passage, but with the loss of all its feathers.

Thrice have two of us explored this awesome aqueduct of nature's engineering, but each time with comrades less enthusiastic in cavern work than ourselves, whose ardor cooled after experiencing the pleasures of scaling rocky points in semi-darkness, and wading deep in rushing water, with numbed feet, against which sharp pebbles roll. And so, when we determined to celebrate the year of her Majesty's Jubilee by a resolute attempt to penetrate to the farthest possible point in this famous and weird pot, we decided to do it alone, unhampered by companions of any sort. Therefore did we betake ourselves to the little village of Lofthouse, which stands towards the head of Nidderdale (or Netherdale as old authorities have it), some seven miles above the quaint market town of Pateley Bridge, and there, in its one inn parlor, gird ourselves for our task.

"We" were — the "Captain," a stalwart officer in the local rifle corps, a dalesman born and bred — and the "Skipper," a roving member of the Royal Canoe Club, who follows his captain, "Rob Roy" Macgregor, in a fondness for adventures underground.

"Well! ye be noän pretty, but ye lewks loike wark," is the greeting of the buxom hostess of the King's Arms as we descend into the stone-flagged kitchen, which has just been "washed," and is now receiving the finishing touches at the hands of an artistic if snub-nosed maiden, who is marking it over with bold flourishes and strange winding devices in red ochre. And we mean work too; and so, having donned rough canvas trousers, blouses, and miners' hats, with candles galore and stout rope, march forth.

Clear of the village, our path runs down to, and crosses a rocky gorge by a foot-bridge, whose rough parapets are covered with soft, velvety moss, and then turns off to the right, through fields skirting a long reach, where the rivulet is sunning itself before diving under the bridge. A lovelier walk than the one before us it would indeed be hard to find. A soft westerly wind whispers in the pine copses which stud the hillside to right, and sends the shadows sailing up the slopes to left, until, like ships reaching the open sea, they disappear westward over the great lone moors, where the heather and the ling shimmer in the heat, and the plaintive plovers call "peewhit." The fresh, lus-

cious grass springs at every step, in which the cattle feed knee-deep, lashing their tails amongst the buzzing flies, seeking the shade of the rough limestone walls which divide the meadows, and through which the pathway leads by the narrowest of stiles. And then the glories of the streamlet itself, whose sweet music, never dying, alternately grows softer and then more loud as it chatters over ridges of white pebbles, or slides past a face of rock which dips into its cool depths; whilst now and again the symphony is broken by noisy plunging, as its waters leap in glittering cascades down tiny fern-fringed cliffs, or rush sobbing over mossy shoots into deep pools and foam-flecked reaches. Water-ousels dip and twitter, and swallows circle round and round; and suddenly a gorgeous kingfisher darts out, his blue and scarlet plumage gleaming like a tiny rainbow, as we reach Limley, a lonely little farmstead, surrounded by stone walls on three sides, and by the stream, or beck as the local term is, on the fourth. A great barking answers the click of the gate as we enter the foldyard, and a couple of sheep-dogs dash furiously at us.

"Come hoäm, wilt 'a, Lassie; doon wi' ye, Bob, ye senseless barns!" screams a comely wench, coming to the door; then recognizing the captain, adds: "Coom in wi' ye; t' maister's sledding t' hay."

Declining the proffered hospitality, we pass the end of the house and cross the now almost dry bed of the stream by a line of hippen-steäns, just below the spot where an iron spring flows in, staining the stones a rusty red. A hundred yards farther we turn a corner, and there, right in front, is a quarry-like cliff, pierced by an arched opening a few feet below the surface of the ground, which falls away like a deep, rock-bound basin. This is the main entrance to the famous Goyden Pot.

Except in very wet weather, this opening is always dry, for the stream sinks into the hillside at a spot a quarter of a mile higher up the valley, called Manchester Hole. But after heavy rains, the swollen river cannot all get away there, and then it comes down, and leaps as of yore over this basin-lip straight into the pot, making a pretty fall before it is lost in the dark passage within. When the floods are out, the scene is completely changed, and even this capacious mouth cannot swallow the torrent, which rages and dashes its muddy waters down, filling completely, and often overflowing, its ancient, above-ground course; and then, a grim swirling at this cliff-face alone marks

where a portion of the Nidd is being sucked into Goyden Pot, to choke its caverns roof-full. A cold air blows steadily up from the dark distance as we enter the cave, and a thin mist clings to its damp sides, where the gleam from the daylight catches it. Boots are replaced by canvas wading-shoes, two candles lighted for service, and the remainder pocketed as reserve store, and then, with a last look at the bright world outside, we commence the descent. A muffled roar fills the wild cavern like a long-drawn groan; and as we clamber onward and hear the noise grow louder, we realize somewhat the old Norse Sagaman's story of the descent of Baldur into the realms of Hela.

For the first couple of hundred yards, the passage is roomy, and the rough boulders present little obstacle to an experienced cave-hunter, and ladies even can without difficulty follow it, until a sudden turn opens into a great chamber, and the path drops abruptly into a seemingly bottomless abyss, in which a stream of water is falling somewhere in unseen space. But we are bent on more than merely gazing into this black vault, so make for a hollow half filled up with rubbish, leading into another passage which winds along to the opposite side of the great chamber, and ends in another sheer descent into darkness. Here the rope is fixed to a jutting point, and the skipper disappears into the black gulf, and is within sight of the bottom, faintly discernible in the flickering light of his waving candle, when his hands, slippery with talow, suddenly lose hold of the line, and next instant he is embracing, not his mother earth, but the putrid carcases of two defunct sheep which have lain a long time in this odoriferous corner. Another moment, and the captain comes down with a run, and a mighty "ugh!" as he finds his feet. Together, we scramble up and flee the scene, and with all speed light up our trusty pipes; and as we puff great clouds of fragrant "honeydew" into each other's faces, we bless the memory of brave Sir Walter Raleigh, and vow we will eschew (braxy) mutton in the future. At one end of this chamber there is a fine cascade, where the water from Manchester Hole comes leaping down some thirty feet or more; and though the dry weather has lessened its volume, yet we get a good douche-bath as we pass behind it. Foaming its way over the rock-strewn floor, the river crosses the cavern, and then plunges down a long lofty passage. Upon a subsequent visit, a few weeks later, a less

perpendicular descent was discovered at the extreme end of this great chamber; and "two bonnie maidens frae ower the Border" actually accompanied us to the edge of the rushing water. Scrambling gallantly over the rough rocks with talow-besattering candles in hand, and fearlessly dropping into black abysses, their ready pluck quite won our hearts, but, alas! woefully damaged their gowns and gear. Stepping into the stream, we follow it down many a swirling run and over rocky steps, wondering to find how warm its waters, knee-deep, are.

A loud shout makes the skipper turn hastily to where the captain's stalwart figure is clinging to a glistening rock over which the Nidd leaps in a white curve, whilst he points frantically in the dim light to the pool below. The packet of candles has fallen from his pocket, and six composites are tossing in the rush of waters! Desperately do we grab at three, and save them; but the others elude our eager grasp, and voyage onward, perhaps to float out with the freed river and dance down the dale; perhaps condemned slowly to dissolve in some sullen deep, or to catch in some ever-dark cranny, but never now, alas! to light us on our way, either in advance or retreat; therefore, it behoves us to husband our remaining stock, for a struggle back up this winding, water-fretted channel in pitch darkness would be no joke. It is wonderful what ghostly objects seem to loom out of the gloom as the candle-rays are thrown around, and how fancy makes ghastly corpses of the strangely worn stones which lie about at every bend and turn; gnomish eyes glare fiercely out of deep corners, and sobs and moans seem to fill this weird solitude with painful life; and our own voices rouse unearthly echoes, and sound unnatural in the awful darkness.

But we are too eager to get on to let such uncanny thoughts have play, and bend after bend is turned and left behind. And now the passage widens, but unfortunately grows lower and lower, and in a few moments heads are stooped, and then shoulders. "It will get higher in a few yards," foretells the sanguine one; but, alas, like many a weather-forecast, the prognostication comes not true, for already we are bent double, and the roof is still descending upon us. It is no good shirking it; if we are to follow the stream farther, we must crawl. So, down we get on to all-fours, or rather all-threes, for one hand is wanted to hold the candle, and splash on for ten yards, and then the

skipper sinks level with the stream, and turning on his side, wriggles ahead; the captain, following suit, lets his light dip under water, necessitating a halt and a backward wriggling until the leader's candle can be reached over his shoulder.

Progress is now very slow, for we are constantly getting wedged fast between the roof and the floor; but we push on somehow, crawling along in the very stream itself, with the water running merrily over us, and constantly putting out our lights in turn with a mischievous splash. Twenty yards more of this amphibious advance, and we stop.

We are really beaten at last, and cannot get a foot farther, for the roof and the water meet, where a big gravel bed chokes up the whole passage, into which the stream sinks; for a very thin sheet of it only can find its way over the bank. It is certainly very disappointing to be thus stopped; but we have at least proved that much spade-work is necessary before any human being can pass this block, and we have got to the farthest point we possibly can at present in Goyden Pot. So we toast our sovereign lady Victoria in whiskied water, and there, lying picturesquely in mid-steam, we lift up our voices and sing "God Save the Queen."

The retreat is decidedly more uncomfortable than the advance, for, crawling up stream, the water meets our resisting, pushing bodies, and foams gleefully over shoulders and down necks. At last we reach higher regions. The luxury of standing upright again is something indescribable, and quite unrealizable by those who have never spent an hour imitating the movements of a serpent or an eel. We are to have some reward for our venture after all, for in passing a rocky cliff, we espy a ledge, and beyond, a black band, which betokens another passage; and scrambling up some twelve feet, we find a low opening, nearly filled with soft mud. Sliding over it, we are in a winding cavern which turns away to the southward, gradually rising foot by foot. Following this for some distance, we catch the sound of trickling water, and come suddenly into a most curious place. To the right, the cavern rises; and clambering over a great heap of branches, stones, and flood-debris, we are at the bottom of an almost circular shaft, which goes sheer up like a huge chimney, and down whose sides water is running and sparkling in the feeble rays from our candles. This is evidently a capacious rain-spout, where, in wet weather, the water plunges from the upper ground;

and though no glimmer of daylight is visible, yet it shows unmistakably that "swallow" and "pot" holes are formed by the surface of the land above falling in. At the bottom, this shoot turns like a corkscrew through an archway, and our lights are reflected under it like two stars, in a black-looking pool some distance below us. Slipping down over a slimy slant of rock, we see a cavern, lofty but narrow, without any floor but the water. An old rail-post, washed hither by some flood, is lying against the little cape on which we are perched; and by its aid the depth is found to be a yard at the edge, so down into the pool the skipper drops. "Oh, Jupiter, it's cold!" Unlike the main stream, warmed by days of hot sun before it leapt into Goyden, this water must have been here long months, for a moment's examination shows that there is no current, and that in fact this is a small subterranean lake. Wading on waist-deep, a point of wall is reached; and beyond, the cavern opens out, and hangs a great vaulted dome, over the turgid pool, which suddenly deepens till the rail will not bottom.

Are we to swim across or not? is the question earnestly debated, and finally negated, not by ourselves, but by want of candles. We have only one spare one — just enough to ensure our return to the outer world — and no matches (the water-crawl having effectually spoilt our supply), with which to relight, if by chance we should dip our lights under when swimming. So we scramble up out of the frigid bath, and ruefully take a last look at the mysterious pond. In all probability, this is one of many chambers of Goyden Pot, and its only outlet is the passage we went up. In floods it fills, and then the waters rise, and overflowing, rush down the passage to join the main stream in the pot; whilst when the season is dry, there is only a deep pool in the hollow. Of course, it is possible that there is an outlet at the farther end, like the opening we entered it by, though the utter absence of any current seems to render this improbable. But this point will be thoroughly investigated in our next venture.

Once more in the great chamber, we explore it carefully, in hopes of finding some way up to a tunnel which comes into it on the north side, a yard from the roof; but our search is fruitless; so, resolving to bring a light ladder some future day — though how to get it down the winding passage will be a puzzle — we make for

the rope, which hangs like a white streak against the black rocks, and hand over hand go up, and stand once more at the end of the gallery, and leaving a candle-end burning at the place of descent, steer for the upper main cavern. For some moments we cannot find the way out, so filled up with gravel is it; and we begin to half-fancy we must have made a mistake and taken the wrong turn; but a second careful search shows the opening, and we speedily scramble through, and then turn down for the head of the cascade.

Here we find a new state of affairs, for, instead of boldly springing over the edge of the precipice, the water has forced its way through the floor, leaving a bank across the line of its old leap. On examination, this is found to consist of shingle, held in position by a great tree, which some flood has carried down and wedged like a dam across the channel, to catch and hold everything which the stream washes against it; and the water itself, headed back by it, has made a way down a fissure in the limestone.

The sun is sinking in a purple sea of cloud as we come out into daylight, and the scent of new-mown hay is wafted on the rising breeze as we climb the bank of the dry channel and set out in the hazy evening, homeward bound.

Thus a fourth attempt to get through Goyden has failed, and the question we now discuss is, can it ever be done? The results of this last venture are, it must be owned, rather discouraging. Evidently there is a large deposit of gravel spread over a considerable distance, which every "fresh" adds to; and when we come to think that no flood-debris of any moment is washed out at the lower openings below Lofthouse, and that there are no bars or shingle-beds formed near these outlets, we are led to fear that for a long length somewhere the subterranean passage is pretty effectually blocked. Perhaps it is even silting up; and a succession of heavy floods may in coming years so choke the channel that the Nidd, instead of diving out of sight for nearly three miles, will once more roll its brown waters along its ancient bed in the open air between ash-fringed banks and limestone scaurs. Be this as it may, it will take more than another exploration to satisfy us that the passage of Goyden Pot is impracticable; and until the new-found subterranean lakelet is proved to have no second outlet, we still cherish the hope of being able to follow the river Nidd throughout its three miles of hidden passage.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE LOST CONSCIENCE.*

CONSCIENCE was lost; but things went on as before. The streets and theatres were always crowded, men went about their business as usual, stirred by the same ambitions; and if a good thing came in their way, each still struggled to be the first to snap it up. No one noticed that something had suddenly disappeared, that in the great orchestra of life one flute had ceased to play.

Some people even began to feel themselves more free and more at ease in their minds; they walked with a lighter step, and understood better the joy of tripping up a neighbor, the delight of flattering, cringing, deceiving, lying, and slandering.

It seemed as if all the difficulties of life had been done away with by magic. Men did not walk the common earth, they felt themselves carried along above it; nothing affected them, nothing made them stop to think. Everything, present and future, seemed to belong to these happy people who had lost conscience without even knowing their loss.

It had disappeared suddenly—in an instant. Yesterday conscience had been there, visible to all eyes, a tedious hanger-on, always demanding attention, and now suddenly its place was empty. Many troublesome ideas had disappeared with it, and particularly that moral discomfort which attends an inner monitor. Now, nothing was left to hinder men from floating down the stream of life enjoying all the pleasures that came in their way. The children of this world felt that they had shaken off the last chain which bound them; and it is needless to say that they hastened to enjoy their liberty. Now came the opportunity of the violent. Nothing was heard of but crime and robbery, and a general ruin began.

Meanwhile the unfortunate conscience lay bruised and trodden under foot in the highway, every one kicking it as he passed. Men walked over it as they would have done over any other miserable rag, wondering how it was that such a thing was allowed to lie in the busiest thoroughfare of a well-ordered town, in broad daylight.

Heaven knows that the poor outcast might have lain there long enough, but for a wretched drunkard, who, after eying it stupidly, picked it up, in the hope that he might be able to sell it for a glass of brandy. All at once, he felt a sort of

* From the Russian of Chitchérine. Translated by Ed. O'Farrell. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles. 1881.

electric shock through his whole being. He looked about him confusedly, and felt that the fumes of wine were clearing away from his brain. Little by little there came back to him the bitter knowledge of his real condition—a knowledge from which he had escaped at the price of drowning all his energies in drink. At first he felt nothing but fear, that unreasoning fear which sometimes seizes a man when he is dimly aware that some danger threatens him. Then his memory awoke; then his imagination began to speak. From the darkness of the shameful past his pitiless memory recalled every deed of violence, treachery, and injustice of which he had been guilty, everything that marked the degradation of his soul, while his imagination gave fresh life to all the details. At last he had awakened from his long sleep, but only to find himself in a court of justice, where he was at once judge and prisoner. His past life seemed to the miserable drunkard one long crime, one perpetual shame. It was not after question, examination, and analysis that this became clear to him, the first glance was enough. He saw his own degradation, and felt a thousand times more severely punished by this tribunal which he had himself set up, and before which his own will had brought him, than he could have been by the harshest human judgment. He would not even plead in extenuation that the greater part of this past life, which he so deplored, had been beyond his control—degraded, miserable drunkard that he was; that a mysterious power had cast him into this world, and driven him through it, as a hurricane, whirling across the steppes, drives before it a slender blade of grass. What was his past life? Why had it taken that course and not another? And he himself, what was he? These were questions to which there was no answer. He was only conscious of complete ignorance and deep astonishment. And now that conscience had found him, what good could she do? Had she come merely to ask him merciless questions, to which there was no answer? Had she visited this ruined dwelling only to revive in it its former life? But then, ruined as it was, such a shock would be more than it could bear. Alas! Conscience awakened brought neither hope nor peace, she only shook off her lethargy to lead him into a court, where his plea of guilty led to no punishment. Formerly he had lived surrounded by a mist; to-day there was the same mist, but it was thronged with faces dire;

at other times he had been encumbered with heavy chains, but to-day their weight was doubled because he understood clearly what chains they were.

Our drunkard began to shed idle tears; the worthy folk who were passing promptly gathered round him, declaring that nothing but drink was the matter with him. "My friends, I cannot help crying," said the unhappy drunkard; "it is too much for me," and the people shouted with laughter. They did not perceive that he had never been more sober than at this moment, and that he had really made a discovery which was breaking his heart. If this crowd had made a similar discovery itself, it would certainly have understood that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is to find one's conscience when one least expects it; it would have realized that it also was as degraded in mind and body as the drunkard who was bemoaning himself before it.

"No," said the wretched creature, "I must rid myself of this, cost what it may, or I am done for," and he prepared at once to throw his windfall into the road, but was prevented from doing so by a policeman, who said, shaking his finger at him, —

"See here, my good fellow, it strikes me that you are looking out for a chance of distributing revolutionary pamphlets on the sly. We'll soon have you in the lock-up." The drunkard hastily hid his find in his pocket, and made off. He went stealthily, looking round to see that no one was watching him, towards the wine-shop of an old acquaintance of his named Prokoritch. Before going in he peeped carefully through the window, and seeing that there were no customers in the shop, and that Prokoritch was dozing behind his counter, he opened the door quickly, ran in, and, without giving Prokoritch time to recognize him, thrust into his hand the terrible find, and fled.

Some seconds passed before Prokoritch opened his drowsy eyes; then he felt a cold shudder pass over him. He had a sort of vision that he was carrying on his business without a proper license; but after a sharp look round he saw that he had all the papers—the blue, the yellow, and the green—demanded by the authorities. Then he glanced at the scrap of paper that he found in his hand, and seemed to recognize it.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "it's the same morsel that I got rid of with so much difficulty just before I bought my license; yes, it's the very same."

When he was satisfied on this point, he

soon came to the conclusion that his ruin was a certain thing. This is the argument that he followed, as it were, mechanically. "A man is in business, this pest falls upon him; there's an end of it. No more business for him."

Seized with a fear hitherto unknown to him, he began to tremble and grow pale. Conscience, awakened in him, murmured, "No, no; it won't do to go on letting the poor people make themselves shamefully tipsy."

Beside himself with terror, he called his wife, Arina Ivanovna, to his assistance.

Arina Ivanovna ran to him; but no sooner did she recognize the involuntary acquisition made by Prokoritch, than she cried out in great excitement, —

"Help! Police! Stop thief!"

"Why am I to be instantly ruined through this miserable thing?" said Prokoritch to himself, wondering who had passed it on to him. Meanwhile, by degrees, the tavern filled with people; but Prokoritch, instead of serving his customers with his usual good-will, astonished them profoundly by not only refusing to sell them any wine, but also by pointing out to them, in the most touching way, that for the poor all misfortunes began through drink.

"If," said he, through his tears, "you would be satisfied with one little glass, that would be all very well — it would even be a good thing for you; but your only idea is to take every possible opportunity of swallowing whole caskfuls, and then what happens? You get drunk, they run you in, and you get a hundred lashes for your trouble. Consider, my friends, is it worth while to go through all this, and spend all your earnings upon a stupid fellow like me into the bargain?"

"Why, Prokoritch, you must be mad!" said all his astonished customers.

"That's not very surprising, my friends, when one is suffering from a misfortune such as has befallen me," answered Prokoritch. "See for yourselves the sort of license I have received," and he showed them the conscience which the drunkard had thrust upon him, and asked if any one of them would like to have it. But as soon as they saw what it was, the question became, who could get to the most respectful distance from it, and no one seemed in any hurry to accept the offer.

"You see the grand license, who will have it?" repeated Prokoritch, getting angry.

"But what is to become of you now?" his customers asked.

"My friends, this is what I think; there is only one thing left for me to do, that is to die. I no longer wish to deceive my neighbors, or to make the poor people intoxicated with brandy. Therefore, what is left to me but to die?"

"He is right," his customers said, laughing at him.

"I even have an idea," continued Prokoritch, "that I should like to break all the bottles you see round you, and let the contents of the casks run into the next canal, to get rid of the temptation to drink."

Here Arina Ivanovna broke in with the simple words, —

"Just try one or two, and see." Her heart, it was evident, had not been touched by the divine gift which had so suddenly descended upon Prokoritch. But it was not easy to check him; he went on shedding bitter tears and talking continually.

"When a misfortune like mine overtakes a man," he said, "it's his fate, he was born to be unlucky. In thinking over his position, in trying to place himself, he would not dare to say, 'I am a trader,' or 'I am a merchant.' He could not do so without deep uneasiness. He would simply have to say, 'I am an unlucky wretch.'"

And during the whole day Prokoritch gave himself up to these flights of philosophy, for though Arina Ivanovna resolutely opposed her husband's idea of breaking the bottles and pouring their contents into the canal, still they did not sell any wine. Towards evening Prokoritch's sadness wore off, he became even gay; and as he went to bed he said to Arina Ivanovna, who was crying, "Well, my dear wife, though we have gained nothing to-day, what does that matter? How light one feels when one has a clear conscience!"

And, indeed, he was asleep almost before his head touched his pillow; slumbering peacefully and not even snoring, whereas in the days when he made money and had no conscience he invariably snored.

Arina Ivanovna, however, saw things in a somewhat different light. She understood very clearly that for a tavern-keeper conscience was by no means an agreeable acquisition, or one likely to be profitable, so she made up her mind that at any price this unwelcome guest must be got rid of. She waited patiently all that night, but hardly had the dawn begun to appear through the dusty windows of the tavern, when she softly stole the conscience from

her sleeping husband and hastened out with it into the street.

It happened to be market-day, the carts of the country folk were already coming in, one after another, and Lovets, the police inspector, himself was hastening to the market-place to see that everything went on in proper order.

When she saw him Arina Ivanovna had what seemed to her a brilliant idea. She ran after him until she was breathless, and, as soon as she had overtaken him, with surprising dexterity she slipped the conscience into the pocket of his overcoat without his knowing it.

This Lovets was not an absolutely shameless rogue, but as he was not particular he indulged pretty freely in various little malpractices. His manner was not insolent, but he was gifted with a too inquisitive glance. He had not had a hand in any very discreditable affair, but he snapped up willingly anything that came within his reach. In short, he was a very respectable rogue. But now, all at once, this man began to turn over a new leaf! When he reached the market-place he realized that all the goods in the carts and shops or upon the stalls did not belong to him, but to other people. Never before had he been conscious of this feeling. He rubbed his eyes, saying to himself, —

"Am I ill? All this must be a dream!"

He went up to a cart meaning to help himself to some of its contents, but his arms hung powerless at his sides. He moved towards another intending to pull the beard of a moujik, but to his horror his hands remained clenched. Then he was terrified and said to himself, —

"What is the matter with me? I shall be ruining my profession forever. It will be better for me to go home as I seem to have taken leave of my senses!"

Hoping always that this mysterious affliction would presently pass away, he walked through the market looking about him. It was crowded with all sorts of things, above all he noticed much poultry, and everything seemed to say to him, "You have only to stoop down and help yourself." The country people, however, became bolder, seeing that our friend was not going on as usual, and that he contented himself with looking very hard at their goods. They even dared to make fun of him, calling him "Niigaud Niigaudovitch" (son of a simpleton).

"No, I have some unheard-of illness," said Lovets to himself, and he went home empty-handed.

His wife was waiting for him, calculat-

ing, meanwhile, the number of bags, made of lime-tree bark, that he might be expected to bring in with him; for as a rule he took plenty of these out, and brought them back full of his pilferings. But to-day he returned without a single bag. On perceiving this Madame Lovets lost her temper at once, and darting up to her husband she said, —

"Where are the bags?"

"Upon my conscience —" began Lovets.

"I ask you where are the bags?"

"Upon my conscience —" repeated Lovets.

"Oh, very well, then, let your conscience feed you till next market-day. I have nothing to give you for dinner," Madame Lovets declared.

Lovets hung his head, for he knew this was an argument to which he had no answer.

He took off his overcoat, and immediately his ideas changed entirely. Conscience remained in the pocket of the coat hung upon the wall, and Lovets at once felt light and free and more like himself. Once more it seemed to him that nothing in the world belonged to other people; that it was all his by right. The aptitude for appropriating and consuming everything came back to him.

"Ah! ah! my good friends, now you won't get off so easily," he cried, rubbing his hands; and he promptly put on his coat again, to hasten back to the market.

But, strangely enough, he had scarcely got it on when his impulse stopped short. He seemed to himself to be two men. One, without the overcoat, impudent and unscrupulous; the other, with it, timid and modest.

Although he found himself animated by the best intentions, he did not give up his idea of going back to the market. "Perhaps," he thought, "I may end by getting the better of it."

But the nearer he got to the market, the faster his heart beat and the more he felt impelled to show some kindness to all these poor people, who worked in the rain and mud from morning to night to gain two copecks. He no longer thought of taking other people's property. On the contrary, he felt his purse a burden to him now he realized that it contained, not his money, but his neighbors'.

"Here are fifteen copecks for you, friend," he said to a peasant, giving him the money.

"Why do you give it to me, simpleton?"

"It is to make up for my former injustices. Pardon me, for the love of God."

"May God forgive you, then."

In this way he went through the market, giving away all his money, and when it came to an end he no doubt felt a great weight lifted from his mind. Nevertheless he became very thoughtful.

"I have certainly caught some illness," he said again to himself. "I had better go home, and I can take the opportunity of collecting together all the poor I meet by the way, and giving them a meal;" and he proceeded to do as he had said. He picked up numbers of beggars on the road, and brought them into his courtyard. At the sight of them Madame Lovets held up her hands in horror, asking what he would do next. Lovets came up to her and said in a caressing tone, —

"Just see these good people whom I have brought you, my little Theodosia. Feed them, for the love of God." But he had hardly time to hang his coat upon the peg, when he again felt clear of all impediments. Seeing from the window all the beggars of the town assembled in his courtyard, he could not understand what they meant by coming there. What were they come for? Would he have to go out and beat them all?

"What are all these people doing here?" he asked, going towards the courtyard.

"What? All these people? They are the worthy vagabonds you have just told me to feed," replied Madame Lovets dryly.

"Let them be turned out this minute," he cried angrily; and he rushed about the house like a madman. He paced up and down the rooms a long time, repeating incessantly, "What can have happened to me?"

How was it that a man who used to be exact, even fierce, in the fulfilment of his professional duties, had suddenly become limp as a rag?

"Theodosia Petrovna, my good woman, for Heaven's sake have me tied up," he entreated. "I feel that to-day I am capable of committing follies which it would take a year to repair."

Madame Lovets saw that her husband must be very ill indeed. So she put him to bed and made him swallow a hot draught. After about a quarter of an hour it occurred to her to go and search the pockets of her husband's coat, to see if he had a copeck left. One of them contained an empty purse; in the other she found a

scrap of dirty, oily paper. As soon as she had unfolded this paper, she cried out, —

"Ah, here's an explanation of the tricks he has been playing us; he had conscience in his pocket," and she began to think. What puzzled her was how to get rid of conscience, and to whom she could pass it on. She did not wish to crush with one blow whoever she should choose as the victim, but only to cause him a little temporary inconvenience. After some consideration she made up her mind that she had better bestow conscience upon the Jew banker, Brjotski, the promoter of great commercial enterprises, and director of innumerable railway companies.

"His back is broad enough, at any rate," she said to herself, "it won't hurt him."

Having decided this, she slipped conscience carefully into a stamped envelope, upon which she wrote Brjotski's name and address, and then threw it into the letter-box.

"Now," she said, going back to her husband, "you can go to the market boldly."

Brjotski was seated at dinner surrounded by his family. One of his sons, a boy ten years old, was next him; this child was pondering over banking transactions.

"What would happen, father," he said, "if I invested the money you have given me at twenty per cent. a month? How much should I have at the end of the year?"

"At simple or compound interest?" asked Brjotski.

"Oh, compound interest, of course."

"At compound interest that would come to forty-five roubles and seventy-nine copecks, not counting the fractions."

"Then, father, I shall invest it like that."

"Invest it by all means, my boy, but take care that you get a very good security."

On the other side of the table sat another of Brjotski's sons, who was seven years old. He also was occupied with an elementary problem in mental arithmetic. Further off sat two more, who were both engaged in calculating the amount of interest one owed to the other on a loan of sugar-candy.

Opposite Brjotski, his beautiful wife sat in state, holding in her arms her baby girl, who already clutched instinctively at her mother's gold bracelets. In short Brjotski was a happy man. He was just tasting a new sauce, so delicious that he would

willingly have had the sauce-tureen decked with old lace and ostrich feathers, when a servant handed him the letter. He had hardly taken it when he became extremely agitated.

"Why should any one send me this thing?" he cried, trembling all over. No one understood what he meant, but they all felt that to finish their meal was impossible. I will not describe the torments that Brjotski suffered on this memorable day. I will only mention one thing, that this man, weak and feeble as he seemed to be, bore like a hero the most terrible tortures, but as to giving up the smallest sum of money, nothing could make him do it.

"What I suffer does not matter," he said to his wife in the moments of most acute agony. "Only hold me fast, and if the severity of the pain makes me ask for my cash-box, don't bring it, my love. Let me die first!" However embarrassing a situation may be there is almost always some way out of it, and one was found in this instance. Brjotski luckily remembered an old promise he had made to give something to a charitable institution of which a certain general who was a friend of his had the management. Time had slipped by without his doing so, but now circumstances pointed out to him the most convenient way of fulfilling his obligation. Without delay he cautiously opened the envelope which he had received by post, drew out the enclosure with a pair of pincers, put it into another envelope with bank-notes for a hundred roubles, and, sealing it up carefully, went to see the said general.

"I wish to help on this good work with a contribution, your Excellency," said he, placing his sealed packet upon the table before the general, whose face expressed his satisfaction.

"It is a worthy act, sir," he replied. "Indeed you —"

Here his Excellency stopped in confusion.

"Oh, quite so, your Excellency — quite so," said Brjotski hastily, happy to feel himself relieved from the heavy burden which had troubled him so much; "be assured that we financiers are animated by the purest patriotism, and are Russians above all things."

"Thanks! thanks!" said the general, "and — hem! hem! However —"

"Yes — your Excellency, Russians first, Russians first."

"Well! well! Good! good! God be with you."

After this Brjotski flew rather than walked home, and by evening had quite forgotten his past sufferings and was himself again.

He went back to business at once, and spent the night in planning new banking transactions on a colossal scale.

The poor conscience lived like this for a long time, and passed through many hands; she was not wanted anywhere. People's only idea was to get rid of her, to pass her on at any price, and at last, weary of this Wandering Jew existence, she said sadly to her last possessor, a certain small tradesman whose business never prospered, —

"Why do you continually torment me and tread me underfoot?"

"What do you want me to do with you, my dear conscience?" he answered; "you are no good at all."

"This is what I suggest," replied conscience. "Find me a little Russian baby and lodge me in his pure heart. Perhaps the innocent would receive and cherish me; as he grew up he might become attached to me, and take me with him into the world. Perhaps he would not hate me."

The tradesman did as she wished. He found a little Russian child and slipped conscience into his pure heart. As the child grows up conscience will grow with him; one day he will be a great man with a great conscience. In that day all falsehood, crime, and violence will disappear, for conscience, grown bolder, will speak, and will be obeyed. M. WRIGHT.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT ROME.

I.

IN early Rome we find the same state of matters as we have found in Greece. The city is the unit. This city-state consists of citizens who have all equal rights and privileges. All outside of the city have at first no rights within its territories, and if they come within the city, they have no claim to justice or consideration except what they can obtain through a citizen. In all ancient cities there were always a large number of slaves, men or women, who either themselves or whose ancestors had been taken captive in war or stolen from their homes. Thus there were three classes of the population — citizens with full rights and privileges, aliens with no

rights of their own, and slaves who were regarded as mere property. But the development of the city of Rome follows a different course from that of the Greek cities. The Romans gradually extended the privileges of citizenship till the unit was no longer a city, but a nation, and finally it became the civilized world. Aliens make no prominent figure in Rome, as they did in Athens, unless we consider the plebeians as aliens, and in the process of time the plebeians became citizens, and every civil distinction between them and the original citizens vanished. Besides, the censor had the right to put the name of an alien on the list of citizens, and no doubt many foreigners became Roman citizens in this way. The slaves also had a more advantageous position in Rome. The road to citizenship was at an early period laid open for them. Their masters manumitted many of them, and they became freedmen. These freedmen came to be numerous and influential, and the censor Appius Claudius in 312 B.C.* admitted them all to the full rights of citizenship. They were not, indeed, allowed to enjoy the honors of the State, but this same Appius Claudius granted to the sons of freedmen admission into the Senate, and his right-hand man, Cn. Flavius, curule ædile of the year 304, was the son of a freedman. Thus, in course of time, the slave became the freedman, the freedman's son became an *ingenuus*, or freeborn citizen, with all the rights and privileges of Roman citizenship.

In Roman society there were these same three classes of women — the full citizen, the alien, and the slave. The Roman citizen could marry only a woman who was the daughter of a Roman citizen. Marriage with any other was impossible. The very object of marriage was to produce a race of citizens, and therefore both father and mother must belong to the class of citizens. It was for this reason that such care was taken of the purity of Roman women, and such a broad distinction was drawn between the conduct of the man and the woman. There must be no suspicion of spuriousness in regard to the Roman citizen. But the offspring of the man with a foreign woman or a slave did not become a citizen, and therefore the State was perfectly indifferent as to what relations might exist between a male citizen and alien women or slaves, and society was equally indifferent.

* Dionysius makes Servius Tullius admit the freedman to citizenship: iv. 22.

We have already seen what was the result of this state of matters in Greece. In Rome the result was different. The alien women attained to less prominence even than the alien men, and in this account of the position of women in Roman society we may pass them without notice. A few foreign women appear in the early history of Rome, and play a prominent part; but the tales are borrowed from Greek stories of the times of the tyrants, and do not fit in with strictly Roman ideas. During the best period of Roman history alien women are never mentioned, except in plays borrowed from the Greek, and it is only when we come to the later days of the republic that we begin again to hear the names of a few. But their presence is owing to the prevalence of Greek ideas and Greek customs, and even the few that are mentioned keep in the background.

The female slaves also do not demand our attention. The female slave was treated simply as a cow or sheep. If she produced healthy offspring, it was so much gain to her master, and he did not care who was the father. Of course she could not marry, and all her children were the property of her owner. Sometimes a male slave and a female slave were allowed or compelled to live together, and there was something like a marriage. But they had no right to their own children, and no obligations towards them except such as were imposed upon them by their proprietors. At the same time, as their fertility was a source of revenue to their masters, they were often treated very kindly. In olden times, the female slave who had three children was allowed a dispensation from hard work, and if she had more she sometimes obtained her freedom. The Romans had a great liking for the slaves who were born within their households, and often brought them up along with the young members of the family, with whom they thus became intimate. This close connection tended to lessen the sense of absolute proprietorship in many cases, and the slave woman was treated with consideration. It was no doubt through such influences that the lot of the slave woman was ameliorated, and when we come to the times of the empire, we see laws made to protect them, and freedom frequently conferred upon them.

It is, then, the matrons alone who are conspicuous in Roman history. Every citizen girl married and became a matron, and it is that class exclusively which we shall discuss.

Now, the first remark that has to be

made is that Rome gave the same expansion to marriage as to citizenship, and thereby produced a revolution in the position of woman; a revolution, however, gradual in its extension and gradual in its effects, but of most momentous consequence to the world, for it broke down completely the old constitution of city-states, by which their privileges were conferred on men as members of families, and established a new and world-wide constitution by which men obtained their privileges as men. In the earliest stages it is possible that the right of intermarriage may have existed between Roman citizens and citizens of various towns of Latium. Certainly the legends make Roman princes marry into Latin families. But on the establishment of the republic the right of intermarriage existed only between patricians of the city. A patrician man could not marry a plebeian woman, nor a plebeian man a patrician woman. The children of either marriage could not be patricians; they could only be plebeians, and were not under the control of the father. But after various struggles this wall of separation between patrician and plebeian was broken down, and the Lex Canuleia, in 442 B.C., conferred the *connubium*, or right of intermarriage, on the plebeians. Livy puts speeches into the mouths of the proposers and opposers of this measure. They have no claim to be historical; but they reveal the fact that Livy thought the objections to the extension of the *connubium* were as much religious as civil. There was a further extension of the *connubium* when Rome, in the middle of the fourth century before Christ, admitted to its citizenship some of the Italian, especially Latin, towns which it had subdued. The bestowal of the citizenship on the *libertini*, or freedmen, still further extended the *connubium*. In 89 B.C. the Italians received the *connubium* by the Lex Julia and Plautia. During the later days of the republic, and in the time of the empire, the citizenship was conferred on men in various parts of the world, and especially on various towns in the provinces. Soldiers also, who had served for a certain time, and had allied themselves to foreign women, had these alliances converted into legitimate marriages. In fact, the right of intermarriage had become of much less value. In early days the privileges of patricians were great, and it was worth while to take care that these should be secured only to genuine patrician offspring, especially as only genuine patrician offspring could perform

due sacrifice and worship to the gods of the family and the State. Even in the days from the Punic wars to the end of the republic, Roman citizenship was at once valuable and honorable; for the Roman citizen paid no taxes, and in an indirect way might share in the plunder of the world, and he enjoyed peculiar advantages in the eye of the law. But these advantages vanished with the advance of the empire, which reduced all to a dead level of subjection, and at length, in 212 A.D., one of the most hated of tyrants, Caracalla, conferred the citizenship on all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire, and with it the *connubium*. After this any man might marry any woman, and the factitious distinctions which had ruled the ancient world vanished forever. The world owes no gratitude to Caracalla for this grand consummation; for his only motive in conferring the citizenship on all was that all might be compelled to pay taxes, and that aliens might not escape, as some of them had hitherto done.

The outline of the history of what we may call the external emancipation of woman now given is, we have no doubt, substantially correct and based on trustworthy sources; but when we come to deal with the moral progress of women, and their position in the midst of Roman society, great difficulties meet us, which attach to all early Roman history.

Rome, according to the usual account, was founded in 753 B.C. There is no trace of any regular literature between that date and 390 B.C., when the city was burned to the ground. The Romans, no doubt, knew the art of writing at an early period; but any records kept by them were of the most meagre kind, and nearly all of them must have perished in the conflagration of 390. One hundred and seventy years have to pass before regular histories of Rome began to be written, and nearly all the literature and monuments during these one hundred and seventy years have disappeared. We are thus without authentic documents for the minute history of the Roman people for five hundred years of their existence. During this period the position of women underwent important changes; but, owing to this absence of documents, we are unable to explain these changes. We have, however, a very definite tradition to start with. This tradition presents itself everywhere in the works of Roman poets and historians, and pervades the ideas even of the late jurists, and we may feel confident that it is substantially correct. This tra-

dition is to the effect that the position of the Roman matron was quite different from that of the Greek matron in the time of Pericles. The Roman matron was mistress in her own household. As the husband took charge of all external transactions, so the wife was supreme in household arrangements. The marriage was a community in all affairs, and within the home the utmost diligence, reverence, and harmony prevailed. The wife sat in the *atrium*, or principal hall, dispensing the wool to the maidservants, and herself making the garments of her husband and family. She did not cook or do what was regarded as menial work. She dined with her husband, sitting while he reclined, when they were alone. She received the friends of her husband and dined with them also. She walked in and out with great freedom, and she nursed and brought up her own children.

This is a bright and beautiful picture, and some of the traits remained true to the end of Roman history. Many stories are told of the affection of husband for wife, wife for husband, children for parents, and parents for children. Thus we are informed of the father of the Gracchi, that he caught a couple of snakes in his bed, and, on consulting the haruspices, or diviners, he was told that he must not kill or let go both; that if he killed the male, he himself (Tiberius) would die; if he killed the female, his wife Cornelia would die. Tiberius did not hesitate in his choice. He loved Cornelia. He was elderly, she was young. He therefore killed the male snake, and a short time after this occurrence he died. The story is no doubt true, as the authority for it was his famous son Caius.

Nothing could be more striking than the affection of Cicero for his daughter. He writes to her in the most endearing terms, cared for her every want, and was inconsolable for her loss when death carried her away. There are numerous instances in which wives resolved to share the ill-fortunes of their husbands, to endure calamity along with them, and to die rather than survive them.

This ideal remained with Roman men till the end of the empire. It is the standard by which Juvenal metes out his criticism on the women of his own day, and many of the ill-natured judgments uttered against the sex are based on the old-fashioned conception of a Roman matron's duties.

But there is quite another side to this picture. In the early stages of Roman

history there is reason to believe that the Roman wife was completely under the control of her husband. The Roman idea of a family made the father a despot, with power of life and death over his children, who could do nothing without his consent. This was the case in regard to male children even after they had reached a considerable age. Women, according to the opinion of the early Romans, were always children. They required protection and guidance during their whole life, and could never be freed from despotism control. Accordingly when a Roman girl married, she had to choose whether she would remain under the control of her father, or pass into the control or, as it was called, into the hands of her husband. It is likely that in the early ages of the city she always passed from the power of her father into the hands of her husband, and the position she occupied was that of daughter to her husband. She thus became entirely subject to him, and was at his mercy. Roman history supplies many instances of the despotism which husbands exercised over their wives. The slightest indiscretion was sometimes punished by death, while men might do what they liked without let or hindrance. "If you were to catch your wife," was the law laid down by Cato the censor, "in an act of infidelity, you would kill her with impunity without a trial; but if she were to catch you, she would not venture to touch you with her finger, and indeed she has no right." Wives were prohibited from tasting wine at the risk of the severest penalties. The conduct of Egnatius was praised who, surprising his wife in the act of sipping the forbidden liquid, beat her to death.* The same sternness appears in the reasons which induced some of the Romans to dismiss their wives. Sulpicius Gallus dismissed his, because she appeared in the streets without a veil; Antistius Vetus dismissed his, because he saw her speaking secretly to a freedwoman in public; and P. Sempronius Sophus sent his away because she had ventured to go to the public games without informing him of her movements.

I think that we may see that the Roman matrons did not like this arbitrary treatment, and that they protested against the assumption that they were beings quite different from their husbands, and entitled to no rights and privileges as against them. And the interesting feature in the history

* The story may not be historical, but the Romans regarded it as such.

of the Roman matron is the gradual emancipation which she effected for herself from these fetters of Roman tradition and usage. Unfortunately, we are not able, as I have explained, to trace fully the processes of this emancipation, but we can indicate some influences which worked in this direction.

First the Roman records show that it was not safe to trifle with the feelings of Roman women. They were, like Roman men, possessed of great decision of character, and when provoked could do the most daring deeds, reckless of the consequences. If they were treated kindly, and on equal terms, they were the best of wives; and I am convinced that their goodness and firmness were the most effectual causes of the freedom which they attained. But if husbands put into force their traditional power, and claimed supreme domination over them, they were exactly the women to resist. And the history of Rome throws a lurid light on this aspect of their character; for occasionally they took stern and wild vengeance, when husbands went too far in their despotic actions. I will adduce one or two instances of this.

In the year 331 B.C., many of the Roman citizens, and especially many of the Roman nobles, were attacked by an unknown disease, which showed the same symptoms in all, and nearly all perished. The cause was wrapt in obscurity, but at length a maidservant went to a curule ædile, and said that she could explain the origin of the disease, but would not do so unless security were given her that she would suffer no harm in consequence. The curule ædile brought the matter before the consuls, the consuls consulted the Senate, and a resolution was passed guaranteeing safety to the maidservant. Whereupon she declared that the deaths arose from poison; that the matrons were in the habit of compounding drugs, and she could take the officials to a house, in which they would come upon the matrons while engaged in the operation. The officials accepted her offer, followed her, and found, as she said, the matrons compounding drugs. About twenty of them were conveyed to the Forum, and were subjected to an examination on their doings. Two of them, of noble family, and with patrician names, Cornelia and Sergia, affirmed that the drugs were perfectly wholesome. That could be easily tested, and the two matrons were requested to prove their truthfulness by drinking the mixture. The two matrons

begged for a few moments of private talk with the rest of their associates, but within sight of the people. Permission was granted, a few words were exchanged, and then all the twenty matrons came back, boldly quaffed the liquor, and died in consequence. Then a search was made for all the matrons who had been engaged in this conspiracy, and one hundred and seventy of them were found guilty. The men explained the occurrence by asserting that the women were infatuated; but probably they knew well why recourse was had to such violent measures, and that Roman matrons were not likely to be subjected to tyranny without making an effort in one way or another to put an end to it.

An occurrence of a similar nature took place in 180 B.C. In this case there can scarcely be a doubt that a real plague raged, for it lasted for three years and decimated Italy. But the women were enraged with the men for the harsh measures which had been taken against them in connection with the Bacchanalian mysteries, and they seem to have regarded the plague as affording a favorable opportunity for the use of poison. In 180 B.C. the prætor, the consul, and many other illustrious men died. A judge was appointed to inquire into these deaths, and especially to examine if poison had been employed. The historians do not narrate the results of this investigation, but we are told that the wife of the consul was tried and condemned to death. Thirty-six years after this, two men of consular rank were poisoned by their wives. In subsequent times the use of poison became frequent; and particularly in the early days of the empire, the matrons about the court were accused of having constant recourse to it to get out of the way men whom they did not like, husbands, and sons, and others connected with them, as well as strangers. And one writer remarks that wherever there were irregularities there were poisonings. Some historians have rejected these tales of poisoning as the inventions of credulous annalists, I think without good reason. But whether the stories are true or false, the Romans believed them, and they embody the Roman belief in regard to what women could do. And it seems to me that we must regard them as indicating that the Roman matrons felt sometimes that they were badly treated, that they ought not to endure the bad treatment, and that they ought to take the only means that they possessed of expressing their feelings and wreaking their vengeance by employing poison.

In the history of civilization, religion often acts as a liberator of women. Sometimes, indeed, it acts in an opposite direction, when, by false conceptions of humanity, it restricts the duties and privileges of women. But, on the other hand, religion generally excites the mind to a wild state of enthusiasm, and in this enthusiasm the ideas and prescriptions of conventionality are set aside, the pleasures of liberty are felt, and by degrees a permanent gain in freedom is established. We find this to be the case in Greece, where almost the only occasions on which the women came in contact with the outer world were supplied by the observance of religious festivals. The Roman religion was in many respects unlike the Greek. It was not brightened by genial fancies, it afforded no scope for emotional outpourings, its prayers were confined to fixed formulas, and its ritual was strictly prescribed. It was, like the Romans themselves, solemn and sedate. The Roman religion, therefore, did not contain those elements which could contribute to enlarge the freedom of women. There were, indeed, various festivals which were celebrated by matrons alone, into which it was death for a male to intrude, and these afforded women opportunity to consult with each other. But it may be doubted whether the Roman women ever used these meetings for any other than their purely religious purposes, and whether these gatherings were ever characterized by fervor and frenzy. It was in the introduction of foreign gods and worship that the craving of the Roman women for religious excitement was gratified, and in the celebration of these worship we see that the women were sometimes as daring as in their poisonings. They naturally took to the foreign gods whose worship was accompanied by great elevation of the spirit and outward demonstrations. Thus we are told that the worship of the Idæan mother, the goddess whose priests danced wildly, cutting their bodies until the blood streamed down, was introduced in 204 B.C., and that on that occasion the highest matrons of the city went forth to receive the goddess, and, amidst prayers and incense, and in the sight of the whole population, carried the goddess to her temple. In this case there was no irregularity in the introduction of the new worship, for the act had been ordered by the Senate at the instigation of the College of Diviners.

But the women did not always wait for the sanction of the State, but acted on their own impulse. The most notable instance

of this nature was the introduction of the Bacchanalia, or worship of Bacchus, in 186 B.C. The historian Livy gives us details of this event, and his account is confirmed by a contemporary tablet of brass, containing a decree or rather a letter of the Senate, found in southern Italy in 1640. The narrative throws great light on the effects produced by the introduction of a new worship, and therefore I will relate the circumstances with some minuteness. A Greek of low birth came to Etruria, offering to initiate the people in the mysteries of Bacchus. The rites of that god were often celebrated in Greece by night, and were accompanied by feast, dance, and song. This was to some extent a new feature of worship to the Italians, and the Etrurians were seized with a fury for it as by a plague. It spread from Etruria to Rome. At first the worship was carried on in secret, but at length the matter reached the ears of the consul. A woman who had been initiated, testified that at first women alone were admitted to the celebration of the rites, that they met in the daytime thrice in the year on fixed days, and that matrons were elected priestesses. At length, however, a priestess, acting as if by the advice of the god, initiated her sons, changed the festival from the daytime to night, and appointed the celebrations to take place five times every month. At the rites the men leapt and tossed their arms about in the most frantic manner, amidst the clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums, and they uttered prophecies; while the women, dressed as the worshippers of Bacchus, howled and yelled, rushed with dishevelled hair and blazing torches down to the river Tiber, plunged their torches into the river, drew them forth still blazing as if by miracle, and returned, still howling and yelling, to their celebrations. The woman also declared that the frenzy had taken hold of a large portion of the population, including many of the nobility; but that for some reason or other, very recently a resolution had been passed that none should be initiated who were above twenty years of age. The consuls, on receiving this information from the woman, brought the matter before the Senate, an inquiry was instituted, and it was discovered that above seven thousand men and women had engaged in these secret celebrations. The feature in this case which interests us, and at that time attracted the notice of the Senate, was that persons of both sexes and various ages met together at night and engaged in orgies, in which wine was

freely drunk. The Roman citizen was forbidden to practise any worship not sanctioned by the State; but here the women defied the law of their country and outraged the old Roman notions of propriety. Stories soon got abroad, as they always do in such matters, that it was not merely for the worship of the god that these nocturnal assemblies were held; that, in fact, these meetings were scenes of revelry, and that in them poisonings and fabrications of wills were concocted. The worship thus became, according to these reports, an immoral conspiracy, and all who had taken any part in it were searched out and punished. Many were thrown into prison; some were put to death. The women were handed over to their relatives to be punished in private, and if no relatives could be found, then they were punished in public.

It may be doubted whether the immoral character of this religious outburst was not grossly exaggerated, and whether the scandals attributed to it did not arise simply from the fact that it was the work of women. "First of all," said the consul in his public harangue on the subject, "a great portion of the initiated were women, and that was the source of this evil." Such ebullitions of women were regarded by the stern old-fashioned Romans as in the highest degree discreditable, and they must be repressed even by the severest measures.

For a time the religious mania seems to have subsided, but in the later days of the republic and the commencement of the empire, the Roman matrons displayed the same rage for foreign worships. The temples of the Egyptian goddess Isis were crowded, and her priests were caressed and revered. Many women became adherents of the Jewish faith, and Eastern divinities had numerous devotees.

In these cases the women claimed for themselves the right to worship whatever god pleased them. Often, in carrying out this worship, they had to break through the rules of conventionality, and they thus asserted for themselves a freedom which nothing but a religious impulse would have led many of the more sensitive to claim.

The women of Rome were also roused to self-assertion by the interference of the laws with their special concerns, and they did not hesitate to step out of their usual routine to oppose such laws. Thus, for instance: A law had been proposed in 215 B.C. by Oppius, a tribune of the people, to the effect that no woman should be

allowed to possess more than a half-ounce of gold, to wear a parti-colored garment, to ride in a chariot within the city of Rome or a town occupied by Roman citizens, or within a mile of these places, except for religious purposes. The exact object which this law had in view is not made clear to us. Long before this, at the time of the Gallic invasion 392, the liberty to ride in a chariot had been conferred on Roman matrons as a special privilege, because when the Roman State had not sufficient money to pay the ransom demanded by the Gauls, the Roman matrons came forward and presented their gold and other ornaments to the treasury. It is possible that Oppius may have thought that the Roman matrons in 215 B.C. were too slow in imitating the generosity of their ancestors, and the law may thus have implied an insulting rebuke. But there cannot be a doubt that the law was specially designed to put a curb on the extravagant expenditure of the women at a time when all the resources of the community were required to meet the dreadful emergencies which had befallen the State. It was therefore one of those sumptuary laws which make their appearance in early stages of government, examples of which are to be met with in Scottish legislation; as, for instance, when the Estates in 1567 passed a law that "no woman should adorn herself with dress above what was appropriate to her rank." But whatever may have been the object, the law became peculiarly galling to the matrons. They might submit patiently while distress prevailed, but the terrible Punic war had now ended gloriously, success crowned all the military expeditions of the Romans, wealth flowed in from the East, the men had taken advantage of the prosperity, and it seemed singularly hard that women alone should not share in the indulgences which riches had carried in their train. Probably many complaints had been uttered in private, but the full current of feeling did not come to light until two tribunes of the people proposed the abrogation of the Oppian law. Then the subject seized the public mind. It became the topic of conversation at the baths and the barbers' shops, at the public and the private gatherings of men. Some were for the abrogation, some were against it, and intense bitterness prevailed on both sides. It was not likely that the matrons would remain silent on such an occasion. They, no doubt, plied their husbands, sons, and other relatives with every possible argument, by every

form of entreaty. But their ardor could not be confined within the limits of the house. They left housekeeping to take care of itself, and issued forth into the streets and public places to waylay every man that had a vote. They did not wait till they became acquainted with the men. They assailed strangers as well as friends. They also held meetings among themselves and had secret deliberations. Each day their numbers swelled. Roman citizenesses from distant towns and villages flocked in to help their sisters of the city. No stone was left unturned. They went to the nobles, they interviewed prætors and consuls. At length the day drew near when the vote was to be taken in the public assembly. A great meeting was held on the previous evening. One of the consuls, the obstinate red-haired Cato, delivered a savage speech against the matrons. Others joined in his resistance. The tribunes who had proposed the abrogation spoke in their favor, and they were well supported. But the matrons must have spent that night in great anxiety. They knew that two of the tribunes were ready to oppose the abrogation, and that their veto was sufficient to prevent the abrogation passing. And therefore their resistance must be overcome. The women were determined. They rose early; they gathered in vast crowds; they surrounded the houses of the obstinate tribunes; they coaxed, they threatened, they employed every form of womanly persuasiveness on these two tribunes, and at last the tribunes gave way. The abrogation of the law was formally put to the meeting; there was no opposition, and the women gained their point. One historian asserts that, on hearing the news, they burst into the assembly, donned their ornaments once more, and celebrated their victory by a spirited dance within the legislative buildings.

The historian Livy, to whom we owe the most vivid account of this outbreak of the matrons, furnishes us with a report of the public meeting held on the day before the vote was taken. Especially he supplies us with the speeches of the principal opponent, Cato the consul, and of L. Valerius the tribune, who proposed the abrogation. We can have no hesitation in believing that these speeches are the productions of the historian himself. Cato, we may be sure, did speak on the occasion, and the speech which Livy puts in his mouth is in harmony with his character. The stern lover of old ways had a detestation of woman's rights and a con-

tempt for woman herself, mixed doubtless with a sneaking dread of her power. One of his sayings handed down to us is: "Had there been no women in the world, the gods would still have been dwelling with us." But another is also attributed to him—a modification of a saying of Themistocles: "All men rule their wives, we rule all men, and *we* are ruled by our wives." The speech in Livy shows little of his ferocity. It contains the arguments that would have been used in the time of Livy, and for his time it is valuable:—

If men [he says] had retained their rights and dignity within the family, the women would never have broken out publicly in this manner. If women had only a proper sense of shame, they would know that it was not becoming in them to take any interest in the passing or annulling of laws. But now we allow them to take part in politics. If they succeed, who knows where they will end? As soon as they begin to be equal with us, they will have the advantage over us. And for what object are they now agitating? Merely to satisfy their inordinate craving for luxury and show, which will become only the more intense the more it is gratified.

The reply of L. Valerius was, like many of the replies of men in behalf of women, I am afraid, far from satisfactory to them:

Cato is wrong in asserting that women make a public appearance on this occasion for the first time. The wives of the first Romans stepped publicly between fathers-in-law and sons-in-law. Roman matrons went on deputation to Coriolanus, they interfered at the Gallic invasion, they performed public services in religious matters. Then the prosperity following the Punic Wars has brought advantages to all classes of the community; why should the matrons alone be excepted from this good fortune? And why should men grudge them their ornaments and dress? Women cannot hold public offices or priest-hoods, or gain triumphs; they have no public occupations. What, then, can they do but devote their time to adornment and dress? Surely then men ought to let them have their own way in these matters.

On another occasion the women of Rome gathered in numbers and made a public appeal. The circumstances were these: The triumvirs, Octavianus, Antony, and Lepidus, had proscribed a large number of citizens, and they confiscated and sold their estates in order to meet the expenses of a war then going on. But land was a drug in the market, and, besides, people were unwilling to purchase property exposed to sale in consequence of violent acts. The sum, therefore, obtained from the sales fell far short of the

amount required, and the triumvirs had to look to other sources of revenue. They accordingly passed a decree that fourteen hundred of the richest women in the city should lay before them an exact statement of their means, with severe penalties against concealment or undervaluation; and they claimed the power to employ any portion of the wealth thus reported to them for paying the expenses of the war. The women were thrown into the utmost perplexity and distress, but they could find no man daring enough to plead their cause before the triumvirs. Left to their own resources, they went first of all to the sister of Octavianus and the mother and wife of Antony. The sister of Octavianus and the mother of Antony gave them a kindly reception, but Fulvia, the wife of Antony, drove them from her door. Thus insulted, they turned to the tribunal of the triumvirs. Hortensia, the daughter of the famous orator Hortensius, spoke in their name. She delivered a powerful speech, which is highly praised by the great Latin critic Quintilian, and she succeeded in getting the demands of the triumvirs reduced to a comparatively small sum.

These public appearances of women were, of course, only occasional; but they were frequent enough to show that women had interests of their own, and had resolution enough to assert them when such a course was necessary.

Perhaps the cause which altered the position of women most of all, next to their goodness, was the change in the circumstances of the Romans, brought about by the extension of their empire and the increase of wealth. I have already said that it was held as a maxim that woman could do nothing of herself; that she must be under the guardianship of her father, her husband, or some tutor; and that in the earliest period the girl, on being married, passed from the power of her father into the hands of the husband. It has been inferred by some, from one form of the Roman marriage rite, that there was a time when the Roman bought his wife from her father or guardian, and thus acquired full power over her. He did not treat her as a slave. His own respect for Roman citizenship and the mother of Roman citizens would prevent this; but his power over his slaves could scarcely be greater than that over the wife for whom he had paid. Then there was a time when religion required that the wife should pass into the hands of her husband. Every family in Rome had special gods of its own, who were supposed to protect it, and

these gods could be worshipped properly only when the sacrifices were offered by members of the family. It was profanation for others to attempt this service. So if the wife had not been taken into the family of her husband, she could not have shared in his worship, she would not be present at the family festivals, and she would be bound to go to the worship of the gods and celebrate the festivals of her father, to whose family she would still belong. Thus pecuniary and religious considerations would create a transference of the wife into the family of her husband. But when we come to historical times we find both of these influences dying out or dead. The pecuniary influence was gone. The wife was no longer bought. And the religious influence existed only in a few families whose members might attain to the highest priesthoods of the State. In fact, the Romans had given up, to a large extent, their special family gods, and therefore transference of the wife into the family of the husband became unnecessary.

What, then, took the place of this transference into the family? To answer that we must look into the condition of the Romans in respect of wealth. At the earliest stage the Romans lived in humble cottages. The consul might command armies, but he dwelt within a house of few chambers, and might often be seen ploughing his own land. The household lived on the produce of its own farm. In these circumstances the wife could be nothing else than an economic house-keeper, working with her hands and entirely dependent on her husband for her maintenance. Probably her father would not wish to have her sent back to him, as he might have enough to do for the rest of his family, and he would be very unwilling to pay back the sum which he had received for her, and so the wife had to make up her mind to submit. But a change in her position took place when wealth began to flow into Rome. Then the men obtained ample means, and money would be to them no consideration. The fathers scorned in such circumstances to sell their daughters; but, on the contrary, came to feel that it was their duty to provide for them for life. The daughters would thus no longer wish to be in the power of their husbands but in that of their fathers. A further development took place when the women themselves came to possess wealth. Fathers left large sums to their daughters, husbands left large sums to their widows, and thus

arose a class of rich women. This seemed such an anomaly to some of the Romans that they tried to check it. A law was passed (the *Lex Voconia*) in 169 B.C., by which it was illegal to make a woman heir to a fortune above one hundred thousand asses, and she was never to get more than the heir appointed in the will. But the necessity of the law might have proved its futility. Throughout Roman history a marked feature is the strong affection of fathers for their daughters and of husbands for their wives, and no law could effectively restrain them from contriving to give the most part of their goods to those whom they loved. Accordingly, the fathers and husbands invented devices by which all such laws might be evaded. A father, for instance, named as his heir some man who had solemnly promised that he would hand over all the fortune to the daughter. The heir thus became a mere trustee, and the Roman law at length sanctioned such trusteeships. And thus, although the woman was nominally under the power of a guardian, she had yet full liberty to do with her property as she liked, and she gained the importance and influence which belong to wealth. These changes produced a revolution in the nature of marriage. Marriage now became a contract. It was the invariable custom for the father to give a dowry with his daughter. The interest of this dowry was sufficient to support her, so that she could be no burden on her husband. In fact, the husband was not liable for her support except remotely; the duty fell on the father first and then on various kinsmen, coming only at a late stage on the husband. The husband had the right to the use of the dowry while the marriage continued, but if it was dissolved, without blame on the wife's part, he had to return the entire dowry. Of course the wife might have money of her own besides the dowry. That remained entirely in her own power, or the power of her father or guardian; the husband could not meddle with it. He might persuade her to bestow some of it on him, but he had no legal control over it.

Marriage was thus a contract which came into full force when the woman was led to the house of the man. It was a contract which must be made in the presence of witnesses, and it could be dissolved; but, again, the dissolution of it must be carried out legally — *i.e.*, in the presence of competent witnesses. Religious ceremonies accompanied the marriage, but the religious ceremonies had

nothing to do with the contract, and therefore were not essential to the marriage. It was necessary in this contract that husband and wife should give their consent, and when they were under control, that their parents or guardians also should consent. Generally each family had a family council, consisting of friends and relatives, and this council would be summoned to decide on the terms of the contract, and it was deemed disreputable in a man to dissolve his marriage without invoking this council. Husband or wife might dissolve the marriage for any reason, but precipitation was guarded against by the necessity of legal forms and by the practice of asking the advice of this council, at the head of which was the father of the husband or wife.

Such, then, was the position of woman in respect to marriage in the last centuries of the Roman republic, and it will be seen that she was on a practical equality with man. This state of matters sometimes caused curious combinations in life. The most singular case, one throwing much light on the ideas of marriage prevalent among the nobility of Rome, is that of Hortensius, which has been related by Plutarch. Hortensius, the great Roman orator, was anxious to be allied to Cato, the champion of Roman liberty, who died at Utica, and to marry Cato's daughter. There was one difficulty in the way. Cato's daughter, by name Porcia, was already married to Bibulus. But Hortensius did not regard this as a serious obstacle. He went to Bibulus, told him his wish, and begged him to dissolve his marriage with Porcia, and thus afford himself an opportunity of marrying her. He stated that after she had borne him two children he would relinquish his marriage claims, and she might remarry Bibulus. Cato, the father, was consulted, and refused his consent. But Cato suggested a way out of the difficulty. He himself would yield up his own wife Marcia to Hortensius on condition that her father did not object. Her father agreed, but on one stipulation, that her former husband should be present at the marriage. Cato accepted this stipulation, and Marcia was married to Hortensius. Hortensius died and Marcia became a widow. But she did not remain a widow long, for she soon married her former husband, bringing with her the fortune of Hortensius. In this case there is no constraint of any one and no illegality. Cato and Marcia dissolve their marriage voluntarily and legally; Hortensius and Marcia marry voluntarily and legally; and

Cato and Marcia marry again voluntarily and legally. Marriage existed so long as both parties were fully agreed; and the only obstacle to a dissolution of the marriage was the necessity of carrying it out in a strictly legal manner, and the duty of consulting near relatives.

In our next paper we shall discuss what was the effect of this arrangement on the happiness and character of women.

JAMES DONALDSON.

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THE CHARACTER OF THE DEVIL IN THE
MIDDLE AGES.

IT must have occurred to many, in reading those stories of the Devil which were current in the Middle Ages, that the character there ascribed to him is widely different from that which we find in the Bible. He has lost all his dignity; he is no longer the great enemy of God, but the petty persecutor of men. Even his vices have become dwarfed; while in one virtue, fidelity to the letter of his contracts, he almost sets an example to his victims. It is the object of this paper to sketch and illustrate this new conception of his character, and, as far as may be, to trace the causes of its degradation.

The starting-point, if only for the sake of contrast, must be the Devil of the Bible; the angel who fell through pride, who tempted man to his ruin, who received power over Job's body, to try if by any means he might lead him to curse God in his misery, who led on Ahab to his destruction, who did his utmost to defeat the purpose of Christ by tempting him and leading Judas to betray him, who lost his prey when (according to the old interpretation of 1 Peter iii. 19) "He who harwed Helle" delivered thence the fathers of the Old Testament, who is finally to fight with St. Michael and the angels, to be conquered and bound in Hell forever. This is the Devil with whom we have to contrast the Devil of the Middle Ages, but it is not a mere contrast. The character of the one is founded on the character of the other, for the theologians of the Middle Ages, however much they may have been disqualified for understanding the Bible by the tendency of the times to materialism and anthropomorphism, were inferior to no Scotch Covenanters in their knowledge of the text, or in their power of extracting from it information of doctrine which was not con-

tained in it. And there is one picture of him, that, namely, which is to be found in Cædmon's poems, in which he differs in no important respect from the Devil as conceived in the Bible. The somewhat shadowy outlines of his character are, no doubt, filled up and dramatized, but the conception is dignified and tragic, and perfectly free from that grotesque or comic element which is seldom wanting in the Devil of the Middle Ages. A chief point of interest in Cædmon's poem, which, whether originally written in England or on the Continent, is one of the greatest ornaments of early English literature, is the striking resemblances which it presents to the corresponding portion of "Paradise Lost," coincidences which can hardly be merely accidental, especially as Cædmon was first edited in Milton's day (1655); and even if his own knowledge of Anglo-Saxon was too slight to enable him to take advantage of its publication, he might at least have become acquainted with it at second hand. Some of these points of likeness will be noticed as they occur.

Of the ten ranks of angels, then, whom God created above all, "to whom He trusted that they would do His will, since He had given them mind and wrought them with His hand,* one had He made so strong, so mighty in the thought of his mind, He gave him so much rule that he was highest next to Him in Heaven's kingdom; so white had He made him, so winsome was his form in Heaven that came to him from the Lord of Hosts, he was like the bright stars. He was to work the glory of the Lord, and thank Him for the gift that He assigned him in the light. Dear was he to our Lord. But he began boastful words, and would not serve God; he thought how, through his own might, he might make him a stronger higher throne in Heaven. West and north† he began to work, fortresses he built. 'Why should I trouble myself?' said he; 'there is no need at all for me to have a lord, so many wonders may I work with my hands.

* If thou beest he; but, O, how fallen, how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright!

(Paradise Lost, book i., l. 84.)

† Cf.

Then he spake in word, thirsty for strife,
That he, in the north part of Heaven's kingdom,
Would have a home and throne,

(Cædmon, part i., l. 31.)

with,

I am to haste . . .
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north.

(Paradise Lost, book v., l. 686.)

I have great lordship, so that I may prepare a better throne, higher in Heaven; I may be God as He. Around me stand strong comrades that will not fail me in the strife, warriors hard of mood. I may be their lord, and rule in this kingdom,* as it seemeth not right to me that I should at all fawn on God for any good. I will no longer be His vassal.' When the Almighty heard this, He renounced him from His allegiance, and cast him down to Hell, into the deep dales, where he was turned to Devil. The foe with his comrades, all fell down from Heaven; † three days and nights they fell. They sought another land, ‡ that was without light and full of fire."

"Then spake the proud king § that before was brightest of angels, whitest in heaven, and to his Lord dear, || 'Very unlike is this narrow place to the other that we once knew, high in heaven's kingdom, which my Lord lent me, although we could not hold it against the Almighty, but must yield our kingdom. Yet hath He not done right, in that He hath felled us to the bottom of the fire, to hot Hell, and taken from us the heavenly kingdom. ¶ He hath marked it out to people it with mankind. That to me is greatest of sorrows, that Adam, who was wrought of earth, should hold my strong throne, and be in bliss, while we endure this punishment, harm in this Hell. Ah! had I but the use of my hands, and might for one hour get forth, be free one winter's time, then I with this host — But round me lie the iron bands, the rope of fetters rides me; I am kingdomless. I see that He knew my mind, and also the Lord of Hosts understood that Adam and we should agree ill about the heavenly kingdom if I had the use of my hands. But now we suffer torment in

Hell, darkness and heat, grim and bottomless, God's self hath cast us away into the black mists, although He can charge no sin on us or evil that we did to Him in that land, yet hath He cut us off from the light, and cast us into the greatest of all punishments. He hath now marked out a world where He hath wrought man after His likeness, with whom He will once more people Heaven, with pure souls. We may not ever soften the mighty God's anger. Let us then turn away the heavenly kingdom from the sons of men, now that we may not have it, make them forsake His allegiance and change that which with His word He bade; then He will become wroth with them, and cast them from His allegiance; then shall they seek this Hell, and these grim abysses; then we may have them for subjects, the sons of men, in these fast clutches. Begin now to think upon the war. If I to any thane of yore gave lordly treasures, when we sat happy in the good kingdom, then may he not at a better season pay me back my gift, than if, whoever he be, he will consent to go up hence through the bolts, and have might with him to fly with feathers, to go upon the cloud to the place where Adam and Eve stand wrought in the kingdom of earth, clothed with blessings, and we are cast away hither into these deep dales. Think of it all, how ye may betray them; henceforth may I rest softly in these fetters, if they lose the kingdom. He that fulfils it, for him the reward is ready after forever, whatever comforts we may win here in this fire henceforth. Him will I make sit next to myself, who comes to this hot Hell, to say that they unworthily by word and deed have forsaken the teaching of the King of Heaven.'"

This sketch needs little comment. The points in which it resembles "Paradise Lost" are numerous and striking. But to whatever extent Milton may have been indebted to Cædmon, at any rate the tone of the two poems is the same. They are both tragic; indeed the Anglo-Saxon sketch has even less tendency to grotesqueness than the work of the seventeenth century. Cædmon has filled up and dramatized the story from the life of his own times, avoiding at the same time any striking incongruities, such as the appearance of cannons in Heaven in Milton's great poem. Satan is like a rebellious earl, or under-king, banished, and hopeless of return, but striving, like Harold in his banishment, to do what harm he can to "the utmost border of his kingdom" who

* "That fix'd mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed."

(Ibid., book i., l. 97 sqq., and book v., l. 743 sqq.)

† Nine days they fell.

(Ibid., book vi., l. 871.)

‡ A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light.

(Ibid., book i., l. 614.)

§ Ibid., book i., l. 84.

|| "Is this the region, this the soil, the clime?"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? this mournful
gloom
For that celestial light?"

(Ibid., book i., l. 242.)

¶ "Who justly hath driven out His rebellious foes
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of men
To serve Him better."

(Ibid., book iii., l. 676.)

banished him. He has his "thegns" or "comites," who owe all to him and are ready to live and die with him even in Hell. Such throughout the early history of our nation was the closeness of this artificial tie. He has been God's "vassal;" now God has renounced his allegiance—"defied" him, in the feudal sense of the term. But when we look deeper into the motives and passions upon which the action turns, it is pride here as in Milton, the "high disdain from sense of injured merit," that led him first to rebel; pride prevents him from owning his fault, the first step to restitution; disdain that "man wrought of earth" should have his throne, and the wish to have subjects to rule, even in Hell, as well as the meaner passion of envy, make him turn his attacks towards the earth. But Satan himself, according to the common mediæval notion, founded on Jude 5, 6, lies bound in Hell; it is only through his servants that he can carry out his plans. There is here no element of comedy, no trace of the process which at last made the Devil to the popular mind no less ridiculous than he was repulsive and malicious.

In contrast to this, let us turn to another version of the same story, which is to be found in the mystery play of the fifteenth century, acted every year on Corpus Christi day by the Franciscans of Coventry. It will be seen how the character of the Devil has been degraded in the interval. At the commencement of the play God appears, to whom the angels sing: "*Tibi omnes Angeli, tibi cæli et universæ potestates, tibi Cherubyn et Seraphyn incessabili voce proclamant—Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.*"

Then Lucifer begins:—

To whos wurchipe syng ye this songe,
To wurchipe God or reverens me?
But ye me wurchip, ye do me wronge,
Ffor I am the wurthyest that ever may be.

The good angels answer that they worship God. Then Lucifer replies:—

A worthyer lorde forsothe am I,
And worthyer than he evyr wyl I be;
In evydens that I am more wurthy,
I wyl go sytyn in Goddes se.
Above sunne and mone and starres on sky
I am now set as ye may se;
Now wurchyp me ffor most mythy,
An for your lord honowre now me
Sytyng in my sete.

Angeli mali.

Goddys myth we forsake,
And for more wurthy we the take;
The to wurchip honowre we make,
And ffalle down at thi fete.

Deus.

The Lucyfere ffor thi mekyl pryde,
I bydde the ffalle from hefte to helle,
And alle tho that holdyn on thi syde,
In my blysse nevyr more to dwelle.

If there is any doubt that the Devil, who, in this scene, goes and sits on God's throne, is meant for a comic character, there can be none when he leaves the stage with a coarse joke. In the temptation of Eve, he assigns "gret envy, wrethe, and wyckyd hate" as his motives; there is nothing left of the pride of Lucifer. And in the scene called "The Council of the Jews," he appears distinctly as a comedian.

Demon.

I am your Lord Lucifer that out of helle cam,
Prince of this werd, and great duke of helle,
Wherefore my name is clepyd Sere Satan,
Whiche aperyth among you a matere to spelle.

Lo thus bounteous a lord than now am I,
To reward so synners, as my kind is,
Whoso wole folwe my lore and serve me dayly,
Of sorwe and peyne anow he xal nevyr mys.

Then he describes the gifts which he makes to his servants, "off fyne cordewan a goodly peyre of long pekyd schon," and other fineries to make them vain. "With syde lokkys (says he) I schrewe thin here (hair) to thi colere hanging downe, to harborwe queke bestes that tekele men onyth (at night)." The whole passage is a satire on the dress of the times, and is undoubtedly meant to be comic. He takes his leave thus:—

Remembre, oure servauntes, whoys sowlys
ben mortalle,
Ffor I must remeffe for more materys to
provyde;
I am with you at all times when to councel ye
me call,
But for a short tyme myself I devoyde."

The Devil has thus become the comic character of the mystery plays, and one cause of this is not far to seek. This play, for example, contains all the more striking points in the Bible history, reaching from the fall of the angels to the day of judgment, so that we are not surprised to learn that once, when Queen Margaret

came to see it, "domesday might not be pleyde for lak of day." It is a tragedy, or series of tragedies, and the spectators cannot be expected to witness a tragic entertainment lasting the greater part of a day without some relief in the shape of comedy for their overwrought feelings. But the play was, like the Greek tragedy or the Ammergau Passion-play, a religious service as well. For this reason, if for no other, none of the remaining characters could be turned into ridicule; the Devil, therefore, alone was left to supply the comedy — to fill the place of the nurse in the "Choephoraë," or the grave-diggers in "Hamlet." There is also an obvious pleasure in insulting your enemy and making him ridiculous. Still, he could not have become a comedian all at once; some preparation was required for this great change in his character. And we must now briefly consider the causes of his degradation.

First among these stands the tendency of the Middle Ages to wrest Scripture, to convert symbols and metaphors into facts. St. Peter compares the Devil to a roaring lion; it was instantly supposed that he was in the habit of actually assuming that shape. Christ said to his disciples, "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves;" the Devil must, therefore, appear in the likeness of a wolf. The Devil tempted Eve in the form of a serpent, and he is called, "that old serpent, the Devil," in the Apocalypse; he therefore torments the saints in the likeness of snakes. "Deliver . . . my darling from the power of the dog," said David, and so in the legend the Devil frequently makes his appearance as a black dog. And thus the same Bible which supplied Cædmon with so grand a conception of the enemy of God and of mankind, was made the authority for degrading him to the level of beasts, by the simple process of taking isolated passages apart from their context, and interpreting their words in a way never intended by the writer. In all these cases "the inward part or thing signified" is the cruelty or craft of the animal, but this to the mediæval theologian merely makes it a suitable form under which the Devil may visibly appear.

Let us take an instance from the life of St. Guthlac, hermit of Crowland, written in the eighth century. "It happened one night, when the holy man Guthlac fell to his prayers, that he heard the bellowing of cattle and various wild beasts. Immedi-

ately after he saw the appearances of all kinds of animals, and wild beasts, and snakes, coming in to him. First he saw the face of a lion, that threatened him with its bloody teeth; also the likeness of a bull, and the visage of a bear, as when they are enraged. So, also, he perceived the appearance of adders, and a hog's grunting, and the howling of wolves, and croaking of ravens, and various whistling of birds; that they might with their assumed shapes turn away the mind of the holy man." So, too, long before, in the case of St. Antony, according to the life of him attributed to St. Athanasius, the devils, "putting on the form of beasts and serpents, filled the whole place with appearances of lions, bulls, wolves, asps, serpents, and of leopards and bears. And each of these made the noise natural to it: the lions roared, desiring to kill him; the bull threatened him with bellowing and with horns; the serpent hissed; the leopard, by his spotted back, showed the various craft of him who sent him." He also appeared to St. Antony "in the shape in which Job saw him," for Behemoth was thought to be nothing else but the Devil. "His eyes were as it were lamps, out of his mouth go burning torches. His hair is sprinkled with fire, from his nostrils goeth forth smoke as of furnace of burning coals. His breath is as a live coal, flame rolls from his mouth. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood." The saint saw him, too, in a composite shape, like a degraded centaur, a man above and an ass below. A somewhat similar instance is where, in the life of St. Martin of Tours, he enters into an ox and kills a hired servant of the saint. He then bursts into the saint's cell with a bloody horn in his hand, saying, "Where, Martin, is your power? I have just killed one of your men!" This belief in the conversion of the Devil into beasts, or of beasts into the Devil, while it accounts for the many representations of him in mediæval art as an animal, or with some of the members of an animal, was also the cause of the substitution of a certain amount of brute ferocity for intelligent wickedness in some of the legends about him. It also tends to degrade him and make him ridiculous. But far more important features in his character and history are to be traced to the influence of heathenism.

As before, we must go back to the Bible as a starting-point for the identification of the Devil with heathen deities. St. Paul had said that "the things which the hea-

then sacrifice they sacrifice unto devils, and not to God," though he did not commit himself to the opinion that Zeus and Aphrodite, Nisroch, Moloch, or Vulcan, were actually names of particular devils. But this further step was soon taken. Just as the Jews converted Beelzebub, the Lord of Flies, into the prince of the Devils, so it was laid down by the Fathers that the gods of Greece and Rome were so many demons. The transition was, no doubt, helped by the somewhat ambiguous meaning of *δαίμων*, *δαίμονιον*. In the Vulgate the 5th verse of the 96th Psalm runs thus: "Quoniam omnes dii gentium dæmonia: Dominus autem cælos fecit." And so the Devil appeared to St. Martin in the character of Jupiter, Mercury, and Minerva. "Jupiter, Venus, and other demons," were invoked by infallible popes, such as John XII. and Boniface VIII., to give them success in gambling. But, after all, the chief gods of the old religion contributed but little to the mediæval Devil, perhaps because they were too essentially human. It was otherwise when the scene of the contest between Christ and the false gods was transferred from the city to the country, the last stronghold of the old worship; when the "pagans," the people of the villages, had to be converted, who, like the "heathen," the dwellers on the heath, were the last to part with their old ideas. Then the half-animal satyr or faun was degraded still further, and, with a few additional touches, such as the teeth of a lion and the property of vomiting fire, he with horns, hoofs, long ears, and tail, supplied the Devil with his most usual legendary shape. But it was the religion of the north which had the greatest influence in forming his character. All the gods of the Teutonic race were, of course, treated as devils; such had long been the established doctrine, and it is easier to persuade a convert that the god he had worshipped was all the time a devil, than that he never really had any existence at all. So the heathen worship is called by St. Gregory the Great the worship of devils, and the English convert at his baptism was asked if he renounced the demons Woden and Thonar (Thor or Thunder). As an instance of the identification of the latter god with the Devil, we find, according to Kemble, in a district of Surrey evidently devoted to the worship of Thor, not only Thursley and Thunderhill, but, close to these, three mounds called the Devil's Jumps, and a deep valley called the Devil's Punchbowl. Then, too, Woden is the

"Wild Huntsman," and the "Wild Huntsman" became identified with the Devil, as in the opera "Der Freischütz." But there were in the mythology which our Saxon fathers shared with the Norsemen certain other deities who in their history or character bore a far closer resemblance to the Devil of the Jewish and Christian religions, and many of their characteristics were accordingly transferred to him. Foremost amongst these is Loki, a god of a mischievous disposition, malignant towards the gods after his quarrel with them, and whose great crime was the murder of Balder by craft — Balder, the delight of the gods, the best and purest deity of the northern religion. For this he was chained in Nastrond, or Hell, whence he will come in "the twilight of the gods," to do battle with them and their servants in Valhalla, together with his children, the wolf Fenrir and the Midgard serpent (or serpent of the earth). He will at last be slain by the son of Balder, and then there will be new heavens and a new earth, and Allfather will reign once more.

Then unsown the swath shall flourish,
All bale mend, and back come Baldr.

The whole story is to be found in Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Balder Dead." It is hardly necessary to point out the numerous points in this legend in which Loki corresponds to the Devil; it has indeed been supposed that the legend itself has been colored and shaped through the influence of Christianity, by those who thought the resemblance too strong to be otherwise accounted for. As the Devil betrays Christ to death by means of Judas, so Loki does not himself kill Balder, or in his own person prevent his resurrection. Satan sends a serpent to tempt Eve, and, as we shall see, this serpent was often considered as his son; he is cast down into Hell, and will at the end of the world fight in the great final conflict with Christ and his saints. It is not, therefore, strange if Loki was practically identified with the Devil, as when in Iceland a smell like that of rancid butter, supposed to mark the presence of an evil spirit, was called the smell of Loki. And many attributes have been transferred from Loki to the Devil, which hardly belong to the latter in his more orthodox form. First of all he has a mother, the "devil's dam," of whom we have heard. And his genealogy is sometimes carried back still further, so that in north Germany he has a grandmother, Frick, and if it rains while the sun shines, they say,

"The devil is bleaching his grandmother." He must therefore have a grandmother to bleach. Then, too, Loki has children, and so has Satan. And here the orthodox Devil is often divided into two persons, Satan or Lucifer, who (as we saw in *Cædmon's* poem) lies bound in Hell, like Loki, and the Devil, Satan's son, who comes upon earth to tempt and torment men. In the legend of Juliana, as referred to by Kemble, the Devil speaks of Satan as his father and king. And in the dialogue of "Salomon and Saturn," Saturn asks, "But who shoots the Devil with boiling shafts?" and Salomon answers: "The Paternoster shoots the Devil with boiling shafts, and the lightning burns and marks him, and the rain from above harms him, and the thunder threshes him with its fiery axe, and drives him to the iron chain wherein his father dwells, Satan and Sathiel." Besides this, the love of mischief for its own sake, which is characteristic of the Devil, especially in northern legend, is certainly derived from the character of Loki. But there were also subordinate supernatural beings, gods or monsters, in the Teutonic creed, who were identified with the Devil on the conversion of our forefathers to Christianity. Such was Grendel, part man, part monster, and part fiend, who haunted meres and lagoons, who, like Loki, had a mother, and with that mother is slain by Beowulf in what is, perhaps, a later form of the legend. Such, too, were the Nicors, gods or monsters of the sea and rivers, who bring on tempests, and drag men to the bottom to devour them, who still live on in popular belief as Nixies in England, and Nicklemen in north Germany and Holland, but who have also supplied the Devil with the familiar name of "Old Nick." It is only from this identification that we can explain such a conception of the business of demons as the following, from "Salomon and Saturn":—

Sometimes they seize the sailor,
Sometimes they turn them into the body of a
snake,

Sharp and piercing; they sting the neat
Going about the fields, they destroy the cattle.
Sometimes in the water they bow the horse,
With horns they hew him until his heart's
blood

A foaming bath in a flood falls to the earth.
Sometimes they fetter the fated man's hands,
They make them heavy, when he must in war
Against a troop of foes take care of his life;
They cut upon his weapon a heap of fatal
marks,

Baleful book-letters, they write away the blade,
The glory of the sword.

The influence of the old religion upon the popular beliefs of the Middle Ages was great and lasting, as is shown by the thinly disguised heathenism of the spells still preserved to us, as well as by the relentless warfare which the Church continued to wage against it, which, however, did not prevent heathen ceremonies, such as those connected with Midsummer eve, and the driving of cattle through a fire in time of plague, from lasting in some cases almost down to our own day. But its influence is nowhere more plainly to be traced than in the character of the mediæval Devil.

Such, then, seem to be the sources from which the character is derived which was popularly ascribed to the Devil in the Middle Ages. They are three in number: the narrative of the Bible, certain isolated passages of Scripture forced or misapplied, and the heathen religions. And its elements were combined under the influence of that strong tendency to materialism and anthropomorphism which marks the times. The character thus formed is, on the whole, one and the same throughout Europe, for religious literature and legend was common property, and the monks and friars, or at least those of the same order, formed a cosmopolitan brotherhood. And what is of more importance, the tone of thought was the same throughout western Christendom. It only remains, therefore, to sketch this complete or developed character of the Devil, and to give some illustrations of it.

With his shape we are probably already familiar from the frequent representations of him in mediæval art, and we may pass at once to those inward characteristics which make man, or the Devil, far more than outward appearance.

The mediæval Devil, then, is a material being, bearing a strong resemblance to man, especially in his vices, but possessed of certain supernatural powers, though greatly limited in their exercise. He is clever, cunning, and crafty, but, at the same time, liable to be overreached by men possessing a fair share of the same qualities. Like Hannibal, he has one great object in life, the destruction, not of the Roman State, but of the souls of mankind. Still, he is often possessed by a petty spirit of malice and mischief, which diverts his attention when he might be better employed on his main object. He is fond of entering into contracts for men's souls, in which he always fulfils his part of the bargain to the letter, but yields up the soul assigned to him if the other party

can pay his debt in false coin, or show that the Devil has violated his agreement in the smallest particular. This trustworthiness, along with his strong sense of humor and occasional gleams of reasonableness and equity, are the redeeming features in his character. As Herbert says, —

We paint the devil foul, but he
Hath some good in him, all agree.

Now the ways in which he tempted the saints sometimes show great discernment and knowledge of character. Thus, on one occasion two devils appeared to St. Guthlac, and made him the following address, perhaps the only instance of a diabolical sermon extant. We shall presently have an example of a religious service as performed by devils. "We are acquainted," said they, "with thy life, and the firmness of thy faith we know, and also we know thy patience to be unconquered. We now henceforth will no longer trouble or injure thee, and not only so, but we will even tell thee concerning all those who of yore dwelt in the wilderness, how they lived their lives. Moses first, and Elias, they fasted; and also the Saviour of all the earth, he fasted in the wilderness; and likewise the famous monks that were in Egypt and dwelt there in deserts, they, through their abstinence, slew and quelled in themselves all corruption. Therefore, if thou desirest to wash from thee the sins that thou didst once commit, thou shouldest afflict thy body by abstinence, because by how much the more severely thou afflictest thyself in this life, by so much the more firmly shalt thou be strengthened in eternity. Therefore, thy fasting must not be for a space of two or three days, but it is necessary by a fast of seven nights to cleanse the man; as in six days God first formed and adorned the beauty of the whole earth, and on the seventh rested Himself." The saint, however, was not to be led by this apparently orthodox doctrine to destroy himself, but continued to take the barley-cake once a day, which formed his only food. This is an unusually subtle device on the part of the Devil. In general, his malice could be guarded against by simple and mechanical means, the sign of the cross, or a blessing. It is the unexercised lettuce in which he is liable to be swallowed; it is the unblessed mouth of a man that forms a grateful refuge for him when he is very weary. But the surest defence against him, in later times, was the habit

of a Franciscan friar, as the following story will show. "A friar, who had deserted the order, was followed by two brothers, who, in love for his soul, kept on urging him to return. As he obstinately refused, they saw a black dog rushing towards him, and, terrified at the sight, told him to beware of the ugly beast. But he, in his madness, pulled off his habit, and, throwing it away, betook himself to flight. And when he had gone but a few yards, the monster, which, while he wore the habit, had been unable to touch him, having then received power, leaped upon him, dragged him to the ground, and strangled him so quickly that the brothers, running up, found him already dead." This is an instance of mere brute ferocity, combined with malice, on the Devil's part. Yet so entirely was he under God's control that he was sometimes even compelled to minister to his servants. "Once, when John of Parma, minister-general of the Friars Minor, was travelling in winter on a visitation to the countries on this side the Alps, the party lost their way, and found themselves at nightfall in a desert place among woods. His comrades asked him anxiously what was to be done. He answered that they must ask the divine help, and consider that God had never failed those who trusted him; let them, therefore, call on the Virgin and St. Francis. This they accordingly did; and, when they had prayed and sung hymns for a while, they heard a bell struck, which roused them to praise God the more, and, following the sound along a miry and difficult road, they found themselves in front of an abbey. On their knocking at the door, several monks opened it at once, as if they had been expecting them, brought them to the fire, dried their clothes, laid supper, and prepared beds for them, seeing to all that they required with apparent cheerfulness. After the first watch of the night John of Parma rose for prayer, and, hearing the bell which calls the monks to praise God, he went with them to the choir, leaving his weary companions fast asleep. The priest of the week began the office, but without the usual ceremony, and omitting the versicle 'O Lord, open Thou my lips,' plunged at once, in a confused way, into that verse of the Psalm, 'They are they fallen, all they that work wickedness;' and the choir answered, 'They are cast down, and shall not be able to stand.' This was said thrice, and John's suspicions were aroused; so he commanded them, by vir-

tue of Christ's Passion, to tell him who they were. The abbot answered that they were all angels of darkness, who, by the divine command, had been sent, unwillingly, to minister to him and his companions that night, through the prayers of the Mother of God, and of 'that standard-bearer, your father' (St. Francis). Then the whole abbey vanished, and John of Parma found himself in a cave in the wood, lying on the bare ground with his companions." It is curious to notice in the story the verses of the Bible which the devils found suited to their case.

But John of Parma's experience was very exceptional. In general the Devil was left free to devote himself to his main object, the destruction of souls. To gain this end there were no pains that he would not take, no situation in which he would not place himself. He assumed the likeness of an elegant young man in order to lead astray a girl called Mariken, whom he not unnaturally induced to change her name to Emmeken, any allusion to the Blessed Virgin being specially distasteful to him. Through her means he gained more than a thousand souls, but was at last robbed of his chief victim and accomplice through the efforts of her uncle, a holy priest, in spite of all his exertions, for he feared that on his return to Hell he would be tormented for his partial ill-success, like a Carthaginian general. He clothed himself with the body of a beautiful princess of Constantinople, lately dead, in order to marry Baldwin, Count of Flanders, on account of the unrivalled opportunities for evil which this position would give him. And he acted for thirteen years as lady's-maid to a Portuguese woman named Lupa, but was robbed of his prey after all; for since, amid all her wickedness, she had not ceased to reverence St. Francis and his disciple St. Antony, they brought her the habit of their order on her death-bed, and so saved her from the clutches of the fiend. Yet, in spite of all this zeal and versatility, he cannot be acquitted of the grave fault of sometimes wasting his time. It could, for instance, serve no great purpose for the devils to leap about the refectory tables at St. Dominic's convent. And from the time which he devoted to teaching in the Black School he did not reap an unmixed benefit; for, though "the Devil took the hindmost," this was sometimes the man's cloak or his shadow, and his more able pupils, such as Sœmundr the Learned, learnt among other accomplishments, to exorcise and cheat their teacher.

One of his favorite plans for getting souls into his power was to make a contract with men, by which, in consideration of value received, they should belong to him at the end of a certain period. The price paid varied according to circumstances. If the man was a bad shot, it was the power of hitting whatever he aimed at; if he was in love, a return of his affection by his sweetheart; or it might be any other advantage that he most desired at the time. But in order to induce people to make these somewhat uneven bargains, a condition was often added by which they might have a chance of escaping from the consequences. It is the old argument of the Devil to Eve, "Ye shall not surely die." So in the case of the Freischütz, the Devil was obliged to tell him in every case what he was aiming at. A man in this predicament was saved, on the day before that on which he had to carry out his part of the bargain, by an ingenious device on the part of his wife. Taking off her clothes, she smeared her body with syrup, and rolled in a heap of feathers, after which she went and ran about in the fields. The man went out to shoot for the last time with his game-keeper, the Devil, who, on seeing this strange bird, called out, "There, fire!" "But what is it?" said the husband. The Devil looked and looked, but was obliged to confess that he did not know. "Then our bargain is off," said the man, and the Devil vanished with an intolerable stench. Again: "As Sœmundr the Learned was returning from the Black School, he and his companions heard that a certain living in Iceland was vacant. So they all went to the king in Norway to ask for it, and he promised it to the one who should reach the place first. Then Sœmundr called the Devil, and said, 'Swim with me to Iceland; if you bring me there without wetting the skirts of my coat you shall have my soul.' The Devil agreed, and, changing himself into a seal, took Sœmundr on his back and started for Iceland. On the way Sœmundr amused himself by reading the Psalms of David. But, when they got close to the shore of Iceland, he closed the book, and hit the seal on the head with it; he dived, and Sœmundr's skirts were wetted, but he easily reached the land. So Sœmundr got his living, and the Devil lost his bargain." This was not the only occasion on which Sœmundr cheated the Devil. "A man named Kalf Arnason, had, while a pupil in the Black School, made a present of himself to the Devil. But on his return to Iceland he

was not unnaturally anxious to escape from his agreement. So he called in Sœmundr the Learned, who advised him thus: 'Let one of your bull-calves live, and call it Arni. In due time this will beget another, which you will call Kalf, and then you will have a Kalf Arnason.' So after a time the Devil came to claim the fulfilment of his promise, saying, 'I want Kalf Arnason.' 'Oh, by all means,' said the man, and went and fetched the second calf, saying, 'There you have Kalf Arnason.' The Devil could not deny this, though, as was natural, he grumbled at the shabby trick played him." But sometimes he lost his bargain through his own rashness. For instance: "A king was engaged to a young lady who was beautiful, but so stupid that she could learn nothing. So he agreed with the Devil that he should give her the power of learning and remembering what she learnt, on the condition that, if at the end of three years she could not tell the Devil what his name was, she should belong to him. He then told the king his name. But amid the happiness of his married life, as his bride became more and more intelligent, the king forgot it. So when the third year was drawing to an end, he became uncomfortable, and tried hard to remember it, but without success. But one day, when he was wandering disconsolately in the woods, he heard chattering and peals of laughter proceeding from a hillock, and, as he listened, he heard the following song:—

Men who give me a fox's name
Have many a cause to do that same;
No mercy to the souls I show
When I claim of them what they owe.
I walk, like a lion, round about,
And many men's sight have I put out;
Harm and hurt to folk have I done,
And my name is Rigdin-Rigdon.

The name at once struck the king as being the same which he had heard before, so he told it to his wife, and thus enabled her to free herself." In all these cases the Devil appears as at least equally honorable with the man, and sometimes even displays that simplicity which, as Plato thought, often goes along with uprightness of character. Sometimes, indeed, he, like the man with whom he contracts, avails himself of the letter of a promise, of words rather than meaning. So once, when a girl over-fond of dancing said, "I would dance with the Devil himself if he were to call me out," he at once appeared

and danced her to death. But on other occasions he shows a better spirit. In the "Frere's Tale" by Chaucer, the Devil and the Sompnour meet a carter:—

Deep was the way, for which the carte stood;
This carter smoot, and cryde as he wer wood,
"Hayt, brok; hayt, scot; what spare ye for
the stoones?"
The fend," quod he, "yow fech body and
bones,
As ferforthly as ever ye wer folid!
So moche wo as I have with yow tholid!
The devyl have al, bothe cart and hors and
hay!"

The Sompnour calls the attention of the Devil to the present thus made him, and suggests that he should carry it off at once.

"Nay," quod the devyl, "God wot, never a
del;
It is nought his entente, trustith wel.
Ask it thyself, if thou not trowist me,
Or ellis stint a while and thou schalt se."

And his view is confirmed; for now the cart begins to move, and the carter blesses his horses:—

"That was wel twight, myn oughne lyard
boy,
I pray God save thy body and seint Loy.
Now is the cart out of the sloo, pardé."
"Lo! brother," quod the fend, "what told I
the?
Here may ye seen, myn owne deere brother,
The cherl spake oon thing, but he thought an-
other."

The Devil's sense of humor has already been illustrated by some of the foregoing stories. It often displays itself in malicious practical joking, for the Devil is undoubtedly the father of practical jokes. "It is worthy of record," says the historian of the coming of the Franciscans into England, "that, when the brothers were in the house in Cornhill, the Devil came in a visible shape, and said to Brother Gilbert de Vyz, while he was sitting alone, 'Do you think you have escaped me? You shall yet have this,' threw upon him a handful of lice and vanished." This again was beside his main purpose. The "quick beasts that tickle men at night" were no more likely to do spiritual harm to Brother Gilbert than to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

And here ends our attempt to sketch the Devil of the Middle Ages. We have seen him as the hero of a tragedy in Cædmon, in an intermediate character in the various legends that were current about him, and as the comedian of the

miracle play — the prototype of Shylock, as the part was originally acted. He has passed from the sublime to the grotesque, from the grotesque to the ridiculous. It was for the most part the fresh study of the Bible, in a more reasonable spirit,

which led once again to a more serious and rational conception of his character. The popular view above described is now hardly to be found, except in remote districts, in connection with local legends.

A. C. CHAMPNEYS.

WALKING MANNERS. — A phase of the Anglomaniac that now prevails in Parisian society is that of taking walking exercise. A few years ago French ladies seldom went on foot except during shopping excursions, when the contents of the windows were to be examined. But now it is quite the fashion to take a constitutional, and with the good weather that has come to Paris during the last week or two, a morning walk in the Bois has become the fashion. Frenchmen complain that few women know how to walk. They say that Englishwomen think more of the exercise itself than the manner of it; are, in fact, too much in earnest in getting over the ground. They look with greater leniency on the little tripping step of the true Parisienne, a description of locomotion which is sufficiently fatiguing to account for the very small amount of walking that comes into the daily programme of a French lady's life. A coquettish, self-conscious way of setting down each foot, as though a separate thought went to every step, distinguishes the daughters of France all over the world. It sometimes results in a graceful gait, and always looks smart, the latter being the great desideratum from the fair walker's point of view. Englishwomen think little about their gait as a rule, except now and then spasmodically, when their attention is specially directed to the subject. Fashionable boots are the great enemies of graceful walking. They cripple the feet and destroy all freedom of movement. There is a popular idea that teaching girls to dance improves their manner of walking. This notion is a relic of the days when the waltz was unknown, and the stately measures of the gavotte and the minuet necessitated careful training of the limbs and much instruction in deportment. It is possible that our great-grandmothers may have walked well; but it is certain that their great-granddaughters do not. Half an hour spent in the Row on any morning will convince the most credulous. Some people are inclined to throw the blame upon the dress-improver. Others remember that English girls walked no better before it came in. They sway from side to side; or they unnecessarily move the whole body, or they take immensely long steps; or rush into the opposite extreme, imitating the movements of a mincing machine. There is a curious fashion just now in the manner of carrying the arms. The elbows are thrust out as far as possible from

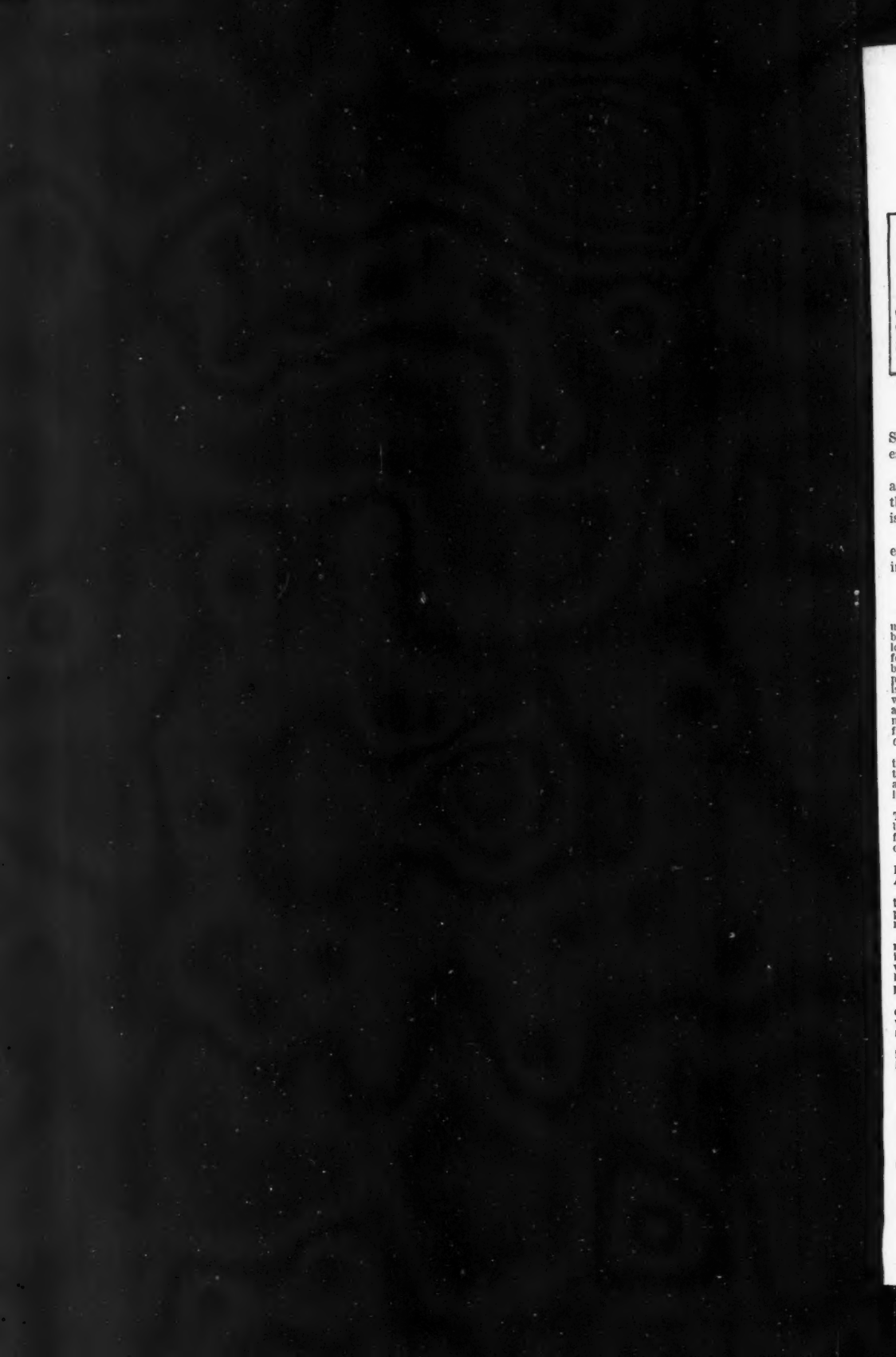
the body, giving a sort of square look to the whole figure, which is far from pleasing. So long as the elbows form an angle, things must be in a concatenation accordingly. Hence the long-handled sunshades that look so awkward in the hands of abbreviated beauty. All these things militate against a graceful gait, and though Englishwomen may claim superiority to their countrymen in every other respect, they will admit that the time has yet to come when they excel them in the art of walking.

Daily News.

THE RINGS OF SATURN. — There remains now but little doubt concerning the nature of these marvels of the heavens which so long have puzzled astronomers. They cannot be the solid flat hoops that they appear to be, as they are too thin in proportion to their other dimensions to retain their stability against the gravitation of their primary. The idea that they are liquid comes to grief still more hopelessly. But they may be, and in all probability are, a multitude of small satellites which, seen as we see them with their interspaces foreshortened, need not be very close together to appear continuous. To understand this, place yourself at night on Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, or on any other street where you command the view of a row of gas-lights half a mile long in foreshortened perspective. It will then be seen that the distant gas-lights appear to touch each other, to form a continuous line instead of a row of luminous dots, as do those which are nearer, or are viewed more athwart the line. Further evidence in support of this view of the constitution of the rings is continually coming forward in observations of changes among the rings. Thus the observations of Paul Stroobant (*Bulletin de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*, November, 1887), extending from January 27 to April 20, show that the divisions known as Encke's and Struve's are subject to considerable changes of position, and to occasional disappearance of one, while the other remains visible. The changes of the inner dusky ring are still more remarkable, and indicate extreme mobility of its constituents; suggesting the idea that it bears a relation to Saturn similar to that of the zodiacal light to the sun.

Science-Gossip.





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